

Chatelaine

For the Canadian Woman

January 1954

20 Cents

50 FAVORITE **50**
FAMILY
RECIPES

HERE'S THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER

SEVEN LAYER DINNER

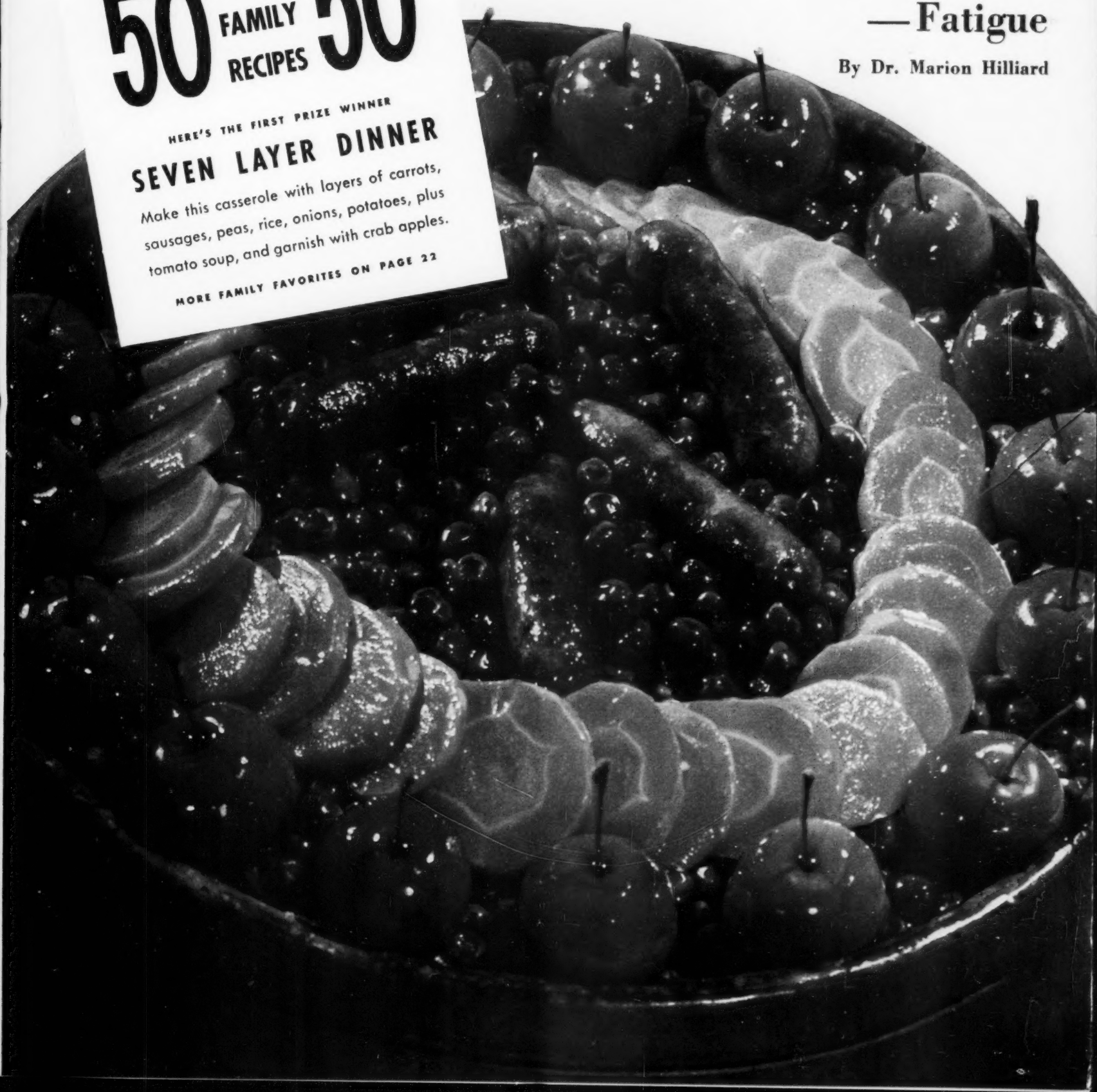
Make this casserole with layers of carrots, sausages, peas, rice, onions, potatoes, plus tomato soup, and garnish with crab apples.

MORE FAMILY FAVORITES ON PAGE 22

Women's Greatest Enemy

—Fatigue

By Dr. Marion Hilliard





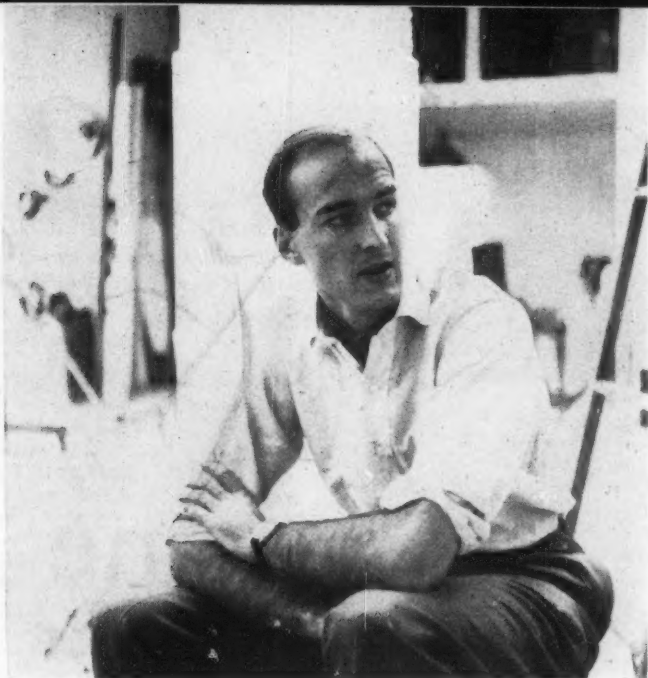
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Desmond Russell, above, ace fashion photographer, has had the opportunity to judge the relative beauty and charms of many glamorous women, some of whom you can see for yourself starting on page 18 (Beautiful Women I Have Shot). But he finds his best model right at home. His baby daughter, Gigi, proved an enchanting model for Chatelaine's October cover and appears again next month. Des, who hails originally from Toronto, got his taste for overseas life during his service with the RCAF and spent considerable time in Paris after the war, where he made his name in the highly competitive field of high-fashion photography. He and his family live at present in New York.



Sidney Margolius, seen in the picture above in a huddle with Russ and Josephine Woods, of Windsor (see page 14), has been budgeting like mad for thousands of readers all his professional life. His book, first issued in 1942 under the title *How to Buy More For Your Money*, has been published again and again and is now out under the title, *The Consumer's Guide to Better Buying*. Under this name it has already

sold two hundred and fifty thousand copies.

Expert Margolius budgets for his own family too. He and his wife have a record of every cent they've spent since 1946. "We're willing to pass up the fifteen-minute satisfaction of a juicy steak in favor of the lifelong satisfaction of another evergreen on the lawn," Sid writes from his Long Island home. The Margolius family has planted twenty-three trees and shrubs on their lawn in the last eighteen months, thereby missing out on at least six hours of steak.

Chatelaine is proud to present Dr. Marion Hilliard and her exposé of *Woman's Greatest Enemy*, on page 12. Dr. Hilliard has an insatiable appetite for life. She's Chief of Staff at Women's College Hospital, Toronto, is a practicing surgeon and women's doctor, and acts as marriage counselor on the National Committees of the Church of England and the United Church of Canada. She has such variously assorted interests as hockey, Beethoven, the theatre, trout fishing, Chinese food and liberal causes. And on her retirement—or that's what she calls it—she plans to head for the Far East and donate her work to women's hospitals there. She finally got down to doing her article for Chatelaine, after two years of unfulfilled promises to the frustrated editors, because she wanted the fee to add to the Women's College Hospital Building Fund.

A lone man, sole representative of his sex, submitted one of the prize winners in our Fifty Favorite Family Recipes Contest (page 22), although Jim Lally gives credit where credit is due—to Mrs. Lally. Mr. Lally, florist and gardener of Revelstoke, B.C., sent in his wife's

recipe for Italian spaghetti sauce, which the whole family pitches in to help make.

"When I married my wife over eight years ago, I had never eaten real Italian spaghetti and didn't even like the sound of it," he says. "But I soon discovered that, made by an Italian, which my wife is, it's one of the most wonderful dishes in the world. My son (eight) and I want it at least three times a week."

Mr. and Mrs. Lally, both veterans, are now building their new DVA home together. They whip up the furniture from orange crates and "make it one big happy joke." Helped, no doubt, by the rich savory fragrance of their thrice-weekly spaghetti sauce simmering on the stove.

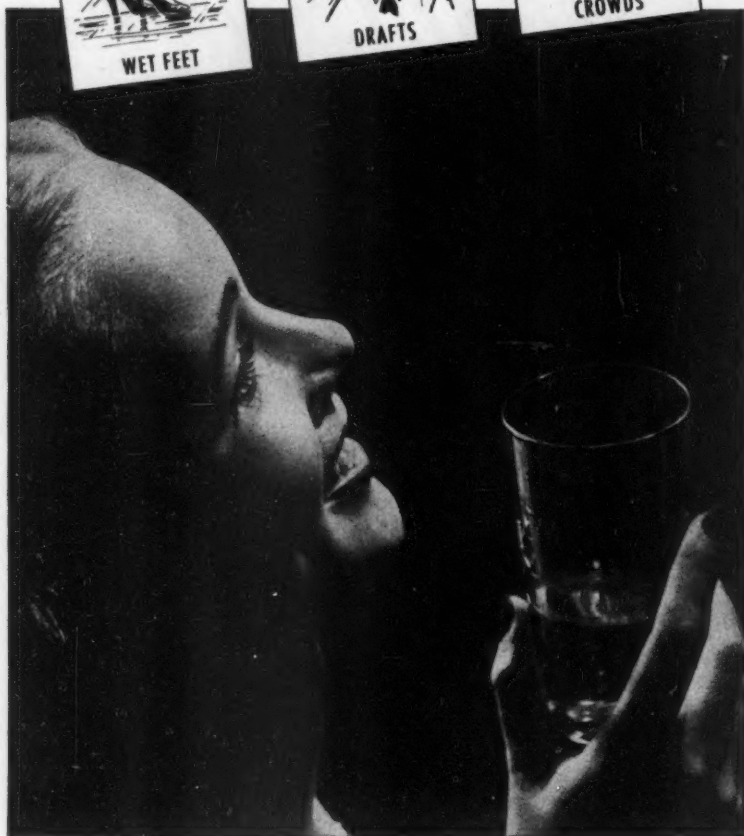


Mrs. E. A. Phillips, of Belleville, Ont., upheld woman's honor, however, by taking the \$100 first prize in the Family Favorites contest with her Seven Layer Dinner. Jean Byers of Chatelaine Institute first tested the dish in the Institute kitchen, then traveled down to Belleville to taste and test it direct from Mrs. Phillips' stove. Her ecstatic expression (right) leaves no doubt about the verdict. +

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Chatelaine



Vol. 27 No. 1

Paul Rockett's life-size photo of our \$100 prize casserole looks good enough to eat straight off the cover. Better still, the recipe's on page 23 for you to try right now in your own kitchen.

Chatelaine

JANUARY

1954

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Reader Takes Over

The Hot-Stove League

NEVER HAVING ENTERED a contest of any kind before, I am not quite sure just how to go about it. However, I do have a couple of recipes for your 50 Favorite Family Recipes contest.

I have never seen them in print and I trust you may be able to use them even if they are not good enough to win a prize, so that others may enjoy a taste pleasure that we have enjoyed for many years.

Besides I rather feel that I owe Chatelaine something in exchange for all the perfectly grand recipes it has given me through the years.—Mrs. E. G. Sundquist, Nanaimo.

... Thought I had better send my favorite recipe along to you for the world to enjoy as your good magazine certainly goes out to all the world.—Mrs. E. C. Hamilton, Newport Landing, N.S.

... This is the first Chatelaine contest I have entered although I well remember the first contest they had—that of choosing a name for the magazine. I was given a subscription the following Christmas and have read it ever since, so I have seen it grow and improve through the years. And it does improve all the time. It is a good magazine for the Canadian chatelaine.—Mrs. J. A. Kyle, Vancouver.

... It gives me great pleasure to write this letter. For the past eight years I have subscribed to Chatelaine and when I received the 1951 Fifty Favorite Recipes issue my face lighted up. All three issues are right where I can refer to them in the kitchen.—Mrs. Anne Amos, Montreal.

... This is the first time I have written to a magazine but feel as if you are an old friend as I have subscribed since I was married nine years ago. I hope you never cut out your articles on food and recipes.—Mrs. J. Kelly, Ottawa.

... I feel I should throw you a few bouquets.—Mrs. C. G. Davies, Kingston.

... I enjoy your recipes very much and have used some for years.—Ginger Ball, Geraldton, Ont.

... I've kept the January issue of Chatelaine for the past three years.—Mrs. Roy McNicol, Dundee, Que.

... Thanks so much for your wonderful Chatelaine—how I love that magazine.—Mrs. Pauline R. Haviland, Toronto.

... I like your recipes very much, especially the picnic menus in the August issue.—Mrs. R. B. Carroll, Sydney.

The Winners!

Thank you for awarding me first prize in your contest—the hearing of that good news on the phone was a thrill I'll never forget.—Mrs. Eva Phillips, Belleville.

... It was a great surprise and pleasure to learn my recipe had met with Chatelaine's high standards.—Mrs. L. D. Oliver, Calgary.

... I am simply thrilled to have my recipe chosen among so many. I shall be looking forward to the January issue of your grand magazine.—Mrs. Barbara Macdonald, Moncton.

A Protested Portrait

As a subscriber I feel I must offer my protest at seeing the picture of the Queen in my November issue. Who do you think is going to accept that as a picture of Her Majesty? I'm sure this is not the only protest you are going to have regarding it.—H. M. McClelland, E. Kildonan, Winnipeg.

Pills or Religion?

Note what Madeleine Waldron, Montreal, has to say on the subject of birth control (Reader Takes Over, December). I have in mind a young married woman who is having her third baby in twenty-seven months.

How can children be really healthy when they are born so close together? Would it not be better to have fewer children and healthier ones, and also properly spaced?—Mrs. W. K. Kelly, Fruitland, Ont.

... I certainly do not agree with Madeleine Waldron. I also must say that I don't think that "fertility control" pills are the answer; the only answer is a good dose of real good old-fashioned religion—and to live it.—Mrs. J. Gale, Lethbridge.

The December Story

I just could not resist writing you after reading Last Delivery Before Christmas. It was—well words fail me, but do write others. One seldom finds a story in which the characters step right out of the page. I've enjoyed and felt every word of it.—Mrs. B. S. Hastings, Hampstead, Que.

... It is a little masterpiece. I think it is one of the finest short stories I have ever read. I think this December issue tops and I have read for several years. The exquisite cover, the extra-interesting article about Queen Salote, and the memoirs of Kate Aitken all combine to make a perfect magazine.—Freda Bunner, Warton, Ont. +

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Desmond Russell (page 1), Peter Croydon (1, 22), W. B. Jackson (1, 14, 15), Gilbert Milne (7), Paul Rockett (12, 13, 23, 24, 40), Randolph MacDonald (12).

GOOD HINTS FOR WINTER HEALTH

The Forecast

Continued cold today and tomorrow. Possibility of more snow or sleet later in the week.



During the next three months cold weather, like the forecast above, may be with us. While winter holds sway, millions of Canadians will have their annual bouts with the common cold. Others will suffer from more serious respiratory conditions ranging from laryngitis to pneumonia.

Despite the increased chances for respiratory illness during the winter, there are many things you can do to help ward this off—or if it does occur, to prevent complications and hasten recovery. Here are some good hints for winter health which all members of your family may wisely follow.

1. Build up your resistance. Respiratory infections are most likely to strike when a person is "run down" or "tired out." So, it is wise to get plenty of rest and sleep, take some exercise, and dress warmly to avoid becoming chilled. It is important to keep living quarters moderately heated with moistened air.

2. Do not be careless about colds. If you get a cold, and have a fever, it is usually advisable to stay at home for a day or two. Rest in bed if you can, preferably in a room by yourself so as to prevent spreading the cold to others in the family. Keep warm and eat lightly. If fever persists or is unduly high, call the doctor without delay.

3. Give yourself plenty of time to recover. Medicines which the doctor prescribes may send the fever down rather quickly and make you feel much better, but this should not be a signal to get up immediately.

You may run the risk of weakening your body's ability to continue the fight against the invading "germs" if you get up too soon. All too often this results in a relapse which may be more serious than your original trouble.

If you are unfortunate enough to contract pneumonia, influenza, or other severe respiratory infections, follow your doctor's advice faithfully.

4. Have a physical examination. If you have "one cold after another," suffer from repeated sore throats, or are bothered by a chronic sinus condition, it would be wise to see your doctor for a thorough health examination. He may find conditions that can be easily corrected—or he may suggest measures that can help you go through the winter in much better health than ever before.

Metropolitan offers a booklet called "Respiratory Diseases" which contains various suggestions to help you "weather the winter" in the best of health. It also discusses the more common ailments of the season. Use the handy coupon for your free copy.

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MY HUSBAND'S MOTHER-IN-LAW

Blood may be thicker than water but those two are thicker

than thieves. I'm the one who feels like an outsider—

and I can't go home to mother

BY LUCY ADAMS

MY HUSBAND'S MOTHER-IN-LAW has come to live with us. It might be more natural to say my mother has come to live with us, but just about now I feel that our relationship is a mere accident of birth. Blood may be thicker than water, but my husband and his mother-in-law are thicker than thieves.

When we first arranged for Mother to move to our house I realized, of course, it would take some time for her to adjust to the rather casual atmosphere of our home. When she did, she would enjoy it. She and my husband might have their differences (after all, she was his mother-in-law) but with tact and understanding I would bring them together.

My husband and his mother-in-law have no differences. They are both exercising tact and understanding toward me, hoping that in time I will become used to the far from casual atmosphere of our home.

Had I ever been one to learn from experience I would have known from the children, before Mother came to live with us, what my fate would be.

"Better get these buttons sewn on before Gran arrives," they would say cutely as I pinned them into their pyjamas.

Everything now is in apple-pie order. Everyone is happy and busy. I had always thought my husband was rather amused at my casual housekeeping. It turns out that he wasn't. He was just being philosophical about it until the day when his mother-in-law would arrive and whip things into shape.

"Where's my grey shirt?" he sings out in the morning. I fight my way up

to where my head can emerge from the sheets and struggle frantically to recall to mind what a shirt looks like. Before I can think the duct is taken up from the hall.

"Second drawer, left side, directly under the blue-and-white stripe." It's his mother-in-law. She knows. (His mother-in-law just turned the cuffs yesterday, she *should* know. His mother-in-law is just as wide awake as he is first thing in the morning. Neither of them has any understanding, however, of anyone (like me) who doesn't waken like a hyperthyroid type just given a hot foot.

Last year, when one of the children was ill, Mother took over ordering the food supplies to help me out. She has helped me right out of ever ordering again. We ate remarkably well . . . all the things my husband likes best. His flattering comments about the meals became sickening. I sat back waiting for the axe (in the form of the bills) to fall. This may be elegant fare, I thought, but when my mate sees the bills he may settle for my efforts yet, money being that stuff he works for.

The bills were considerably lower than usual. Not only that, but Mother had neat little rows of figures ready. My husband is a chartered accountant and gets a deep soul-satisfying glow from the rows of figures compiled for him by his mother-in-law, who should also be a chartered accountant.

Let me admit that they were kind about it. Mother said I was a good housekeeper but just too good-natured in my dealings with people. My husband said that he certainly had to admit

I had always had excellent relationships with storekeepers. At that point they both exchanged a look of complete understanding. My husband, still bright in tone, pointed out the lovely things I would have time to do if Mother took the ordering off my hands and, besides, it would give me more time with the children. No one like a mother to look after her own children's needs.

Our little girl was shy and I never forced her to come into rooms and say, "How do you do," or anything that would cause her more anguish. Our son was a dreamer with an amazingly sensitive nature.

For some time my husband had been pointing out that he considered I thought about the children too much. He found them quite normal and in need of nothing more than a fast course in obedience, the essence of which he described as "shutting up and getting cracking." I felt he was rather militant about the whole picture. Well, my husband's mother-in-law is militant too.

My shy daughter now marches into a room and extends her hand in the accepted manner, greeting one and all normally. Her grandmother simply told her that that was what one should do and to do it. Nevertheless, in support of my theory, the child has developed a complex. She is so enamored of the reaction she gets to being social that now she turns the charm on all over the place.

Our son has been a little hesitant to take his own part. Sensitive, you know. He wasn't strong as an infant either. However, he is five years old now and very healthy. His grandmother pointed this out to me as she put him out the door he had just entered in tears, because the kids were teasing him. "You're a big boy now," she said to him, "go and fight your own battles."

He immediately got on his scooter and rode hell bent for leather into the middle of the offending group. Taken by surprise it scattered in utter confusion just as my husband walked up the street.

Father came into the house beaming. "Boy, oh boy," he yodeled. "Did you see what I saw?"—and he and his mother-in-law found they had another mutual interest in child training. I telephoned the art school to see if I could take a course in something more my line.

Oh, there's harmony in our home now! In the truest sense of the word, my husband is master of his own house. The children are scrubbed, beaming and obedient when he arrives home. The house is filled with odors which announce one of his favorite dishes. The evening paper is refolded neatly page after page and lying beside his chair.

Mark you, I can follow a trend with the next one. What shall my role be? Ah yes! The amusing wife to delight HIS heart . . . not very efficient . . . but gay and witty, a lifting "song of a girl" who never quite grows up. Buried deep in the ruffy fronts I am affecting, I trip down the stairs to greet

him. "Poor darling," I say, "are you tired?" "I only played three games of squash," he says defensively. . . "Oh," I drool, "I meant from all your work at the office, dear." Mother beams happily and I enjoy the wary look in my mate's eye. But I can't win. He's started to tell me just how busy he is every day.

At dinner, still sweetness, gaiety and light, I regale the group with one of my most amusing new stories. In the middle of it I may have to ask my husband the name of one of the characters, someone known to both of us . . . a mere detail which he always supplies readily. Everyone laughs as I finish and then Mother comments on her constant admiration for—my abilities as a raconteur? Not at all—my husband's wonderful memory!

Now don't think I'm complaining. My position has some very enviable



angles. As far as the children are concerned I can now fall into the role of understanding friend in whom they confide—removed as I am from the family group. All the face creams in Arabia and all the thyroid pills in the U. S. A. couldn't make me feel as young again as living with my husband's mother-in-law. When my husband and I go out and call back to her that we won't be late, that I have my key and yes, I am taking a coat for later, I could be eighteen years old again and off on a date. Furthermore my escort, married to me fourteen years as he is, must feel it too. He has taken to opening the car door for me before he goes around to his side.

Sometimes it does seem rather difficult for a woman who has been used to a certain way of life and a home of her own to adjust herself to unfamiliar ways—but I try. One thing I'm determined not to do is interfere. It isn't as though I have nowhere else I can go if it doesn't all work out, either . . . I can always go to see my own mother-in-law. +



Mrs. Jane Carlsan is a busy wife and mother, and as pretty as a picture.

"I use detergents 2500 times a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Six years ago, Jane Carlsan never even heard of "detergents." Now she uses them (just like you) thousands of times a year!

Detergents are a blessing when they dissolve grease and grime. But when they dissolve away natural oils and youthful softness from your hands, they're a problem!

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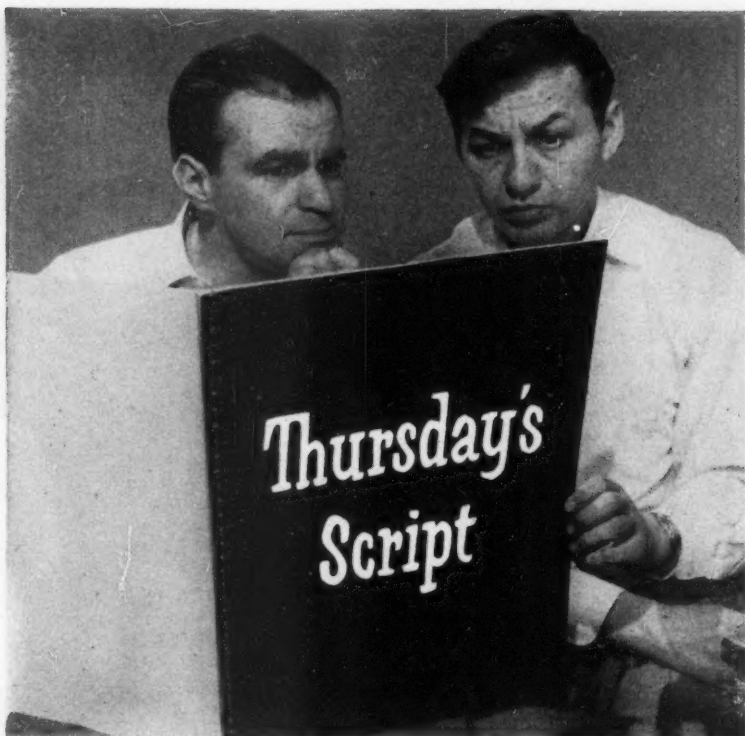
For Jane, there is no better proof of Jergens Lotion care than the flattery her hands get from her husband.

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BEAUTY

Memo from

NEW FACES OF 1954

Are you dating yourself . . . with a face and hair style that fashion filed away years ago? If you're in doubt, take a look at today's young Hollywood beauties. They've always been the inspiration for our changing faces—even more so than the Guillaumes of Paris and Antoinettes of New York who set the trends in the first place. Styles in beauty don't change as often as styles in clothes, but they *do* change. Take the smoldering Clara Bow look of the 1920s, for instance. Today, it would be considered painted and ridiculous. Almost as bad would be the gilded dead-pan look that passed for glamour in the 1930s when Jean Harlow was setting the pace. Nineteen forty produced yet another look—the feline—sleek, sulky and sophisticated. In those days the Jane Russells and Ann Sheridans reigned supreme and were copied from coast to coast.

Now, women are changing their faces again. This time, in favor of a natural wide-eyed gamin look—a trend that became fashion with the appearance of such stars as Leslie Caron and Audrey Hepburn.

Your face will say '54 . . . if your hair is cut short in the new Italian cut, the boy bob, the duck's tail or the gamin, and if your make-up is "natural," with a glow of health shining through. It'll be once-over-lightly now with a transparent base; masklike foundations are old hat. You'll wear little or no rouge and a pink-red or true-red lipstick.

You'll pay particular attention to your eyes now, because they are the focal point of the new look. You'll enhance their expression with mascara and eyebrow pencil. Eyebrows will follow their natural lines with just the ragged edges plucked away. They'll be darkened only slightly to provide provocative frames for the eyes.

Care instead of cover-up will be your *modus operandi* from now on.



Rosemary



Paris potpourri . . . Faces are looking new in the fashion centre of the world, too. Hair styles are still brief and make-up remains fairly natural, but as always there's that added dash of difference that gives the gamin a Continental look. For instance . . . the patch is back. Mannequins, *mesdames* and *mesdemoiselles* are sporting tiny black patches—sometimes just above the eye, sometimes just a bit below, but always out toward the hairline . . . Hair, wide and handsome. Guillaume, hair stylist *superbe*, has issued an item that could be the forerunner of future hair styles. His newest coiffures feature width to the sides. They're kept short and fairly flat on top . . . A frame of light. Paris hair stylists are bleaching the shorter hairs that frame the face, to provide an illusion of sunlight. Has a softening influence on the features . . . Earrings on the move. The trend is toward longer, dangling and mobile ear bobs that tremble and flash reflected lights as the wearer moves.

New make-up techniques for the new year . . . If you have an oily complexion and think you can't use face cream, here's good news. Now, you'll fight oil *with* oil. You'll "wash" with a deep-pore cleansing cream, followed immediately with a "rinse" of skin freshener to leave your skin grease-free, deep-down clean and fresh as a snowflake . . . If stimulating creams irritate your skin, try using skin freshener after your regular cleansing cream instead, followed by a soothing lotion for overnight . . . If you're over thirty, regardless of what skin type you are, never use a dry cake foundation or one that dries on your skin. The drying action of these foundations has a tendency to etch tiny lines even deeper, undoing any progress you make with overnight wrinkle creams . . . Never

apply *any* foundation, dry or creamy, before you've used a protective lotion. The lotion keeps foundation make-up out of the pores and prevents it from flaking.

New beauty products for the new year . . . revolutionary hand lotion that contains no alkali to dry the skin . . . fragrance with twice the life of cologne at half the price of perfume . . . deep-pore foam cleanser that doesn't irritate the skin . . . new base make-up that's "moisturized" to prevent it from drying on the skin, or in the bottle . . . lanolin-based and scented hair lacquer that conditions while it controls . . . *crème* brilliantine to polish dry-looking hair between shampoos . . . incredibly fine face powder with a light-textured cream base . . . greaseless vitamin-A lotion with a lanolin base—scientifically proven effective for dry, lined skin. ♦



New! a revolutionary lotion with deep-softening action

Amazing effects right away! Unlike other leading lotions, Angel Skin is *not stopped* on the outer skin surface—but goes *deep*. You see amazing effects right away! Dry, scratchy roughness smooths out. Redness fades. Dried-out "detergent hands" become softer and whiter—because *only* this new Pond's lotion is scientifically designed to counteract the irritat-

ing chemical action of soaps and detergents. Angel Skin can't leave hands sticky—because it contains no gummy "filler."

With Angel Skin your hands are softer, younger looking. *Prove it yourself.* For a generous sample bottle, send your name, address, with 10¢ for postage and packing, to: Pond's, Dept. 2-G, 791 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto 10, Ontario.

Scientifically years ahead

GIVE IT THESE HARD TESTS

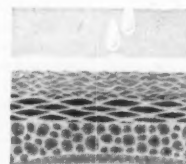


Roughened, chapped, red hands. See how Angel Skin's deep-softening action smooths dry, scratchy skin right away. Angel Skin actually *heals chapping*.

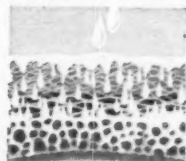


Rough, dry elbows and heels. Angel Skin's penetrating ingredients smooth away roughness, reduce the thickened dead skin, restore normal softness.

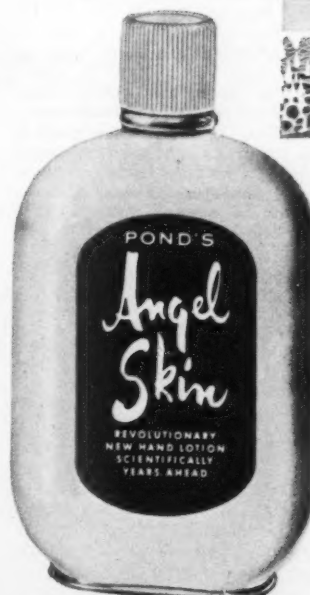
MAGNIFIED DIAGRAM OF SKIN SHOWS ANGEL SKIN'S DEEP-SOFTENING ACTION



OTHER LOTIONS stop here at the skin surface . . . give the skin only superficial smoothing



ANGEL SKIN penetrates this outer skin surface
Brings immediate help here to living skin tissue where chapped roughness and redness begin



Angel Skin

by POND'S

At cosmetic counters
37c and 65c

BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN



PEEK INTO THE FUTURE... and you'll see fashions for 1954 as varied and exciting as a kaleidoscope... wonderful new products for happier homemaking! I'll be telling you about these Brand-Name products every month... such "Buy-Lines" as:

I OFTEN ASK MYSELF HOW we ever got along without POLYTHENE... for it's really the most ideal and practical of all plastics! And I say that for many reasons... but principally because it's both tough and flexible! In other words, polythene won't chip, crack or shatter even when dropped... which makes it so safe for infants' tumblers, for example. All the other articles made of C-I-L polythene are just as grand, too... such as those wonderful refrigerator ice cube trays that you just bend and the cubes pop out. They don't stick so you don't need to pry them loose... something any host or hostess in a hurry will appreciate. There are also refrigerator bowls, vegetable crispers, canisters, pretty "squeeze" bottles... as well as many other items that are a boon to modern living. How can you recognize articles made of polythene? Easily... it's the lightest of all plastics, is flexible and has a pleasant, warm feel and soft, smooth finish.



GIVE GLAMOUR to your cooking... by "dressing up" cakes, cookies, desserts and sauces with NESTLÉ'S Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels! That's what I do... for these small, tasty, flavour-packed nuggets of famous NESTLÉ'S Chocolate not only make all kinds of



dishes taste more delicious, but they stay whole in baking! For proof, try these luscious

SOUTHERN SQUARES

SIFT together and set aside 2½ c. sifted flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt.
BLEND ¾ c. shortening, 1½ c. sugar.
BEAT in one at a time 2 eggs.
ADD flour mixture alternately with ½ c. milk, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 pkg. NESTLÉ'S Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels.
POUR into greased waxed paper-lined pan 15" x 10" x 1". Bake at 350° F. Time: 35 min. Yield: 3 dozen 2" squares.

FREE Recipe Folder... with sweet-to-eat treats "galore". Just write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St. W., Toronto!

THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM for improvement... so even if you think the dishes you serve are as delicious as they possibly can be, I wish you'd try AC'CENT. I'm sure you'll be glad you did... for this "magic" ingredient (sometimes known as pure monosodium glutamate in recipes these days) makes

all kinds of foods taste *naturally better!* I can't begin to tell you what wonders it works... let me just say that AC'CENT brings out and points up the true natural flavours already in meats, vegetables, soups, sauces, fish and countless other foods... but never (no, never!) adds any flavour or aroma of its own. And with AC'CENT you don't need any special recipes... you just cook as you usually do. For example:



Take a No. 2 can of any vegetable and add ½ tsp. AC'CENT before heating or add ¼ to 1 tsp. AC'CENT per pound to any dried vegetable at beginning of cooking... and taste the luscious difference. Then you'll use AC'CENT as a third shaker... as regularly as salt and pepper!

FOR ME entertaining holds no worries... with my FRIGIDAIRE Cyclamatic Refrigerator, I'm all set. I've almost 50 lbs. of frozen foods in my Food-Freezer Locker Top—everything from meats to desserts. Of course, I know I'll need lots and lots of ice cubes (you always do at this time), but that's no problem... they freeze fast, and with my Quickcube



ice trays it's no trick at all to release as many as I want... and I'll make some ahead of the "big" days and store them frozen. Here's another wonderful thing about my FRIGIDAIRE Cyclamatic Refrigerator... all the shelves roll all the way out so I can easily find even the smallest item, no matter where, without spilling anything... no muss and no embarrassment. So you see why I'm looking forward to having friends drop in by invitation or otherwise... it won't faze me the least bit... and I can have a good time, too! See your FRIGIDAIRE Dealer or write for Free Booklet to Room 13, 1315 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

MOST MOTHERS I know agree on one thing... BABY'S OWN SOAP is a "must" for bathing babies... especially during the cold, wintry months! That's because it's now enriched with a marvelous new discovery called Lanolate²⁵... which is made from pure lanolin... concentrated 25 times! And you know what this means... that BABY'S OWN SOAP now gives baby's thinner skin greater protection from harm than ever before.



As an added precaution, I also suggest that you follow baby's bath with a soothing application of BABY'S OWN OIL... then smooth on BABY'S OWN POWDER. They're made by specialists especially for babies... contain all the right ingredients to give baby's sensitive

skin added protection from chapping and irritation. For instance, the pure anti-septic OIL contains lanolin, too... while the POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian talc. So keep baby soothed and comfy... by following BABY'S OWN 3-Step protection *every day!*

WANT THE BEST FOR YOUR BABY... and want to save money, too? Then I suggest you "invest" in CURITY Diapers... for though the price of most things has gone up, CURITY Diapers still cost only \$4.95 a dozen! But in my opinion, they're priceless... because just 2 dozen CURITY Diapers do the work of 3 dozen of other brands... thanks to the fact they're extra-thirsty and super-absorbent. What's more, they're made of a special soft Layettecloth with a surgical weave... with no hems to harm or irritate your baby's tender skin. CURITY Diapers are also easy to wash... and dry jiffy-quick. And I'm not the only one who's so enthusiastic about them... they're endorsed by mothers, medical authorities and hospitals everywhere. Only seeing is believing though... so I'd like to send you this:



SAMPLE DIAPER... to let you see that CURITY Diapers are better for baby and you! It's yours almost as a gift... just mail 25c to Nancy Sasser, 50 King St. W., Toronto. Sorry... but only one to a family.

MOTHERS... there's a new meaning to those little nursery rhyme names of Jack and Jill. It's a meaning of *swift and happy relief* for little ones who catch cold. You see, the Buckley people, who have specialized in treating the common cold for 30 years, developed a cough syrup especially for children... and they named it JACK and JILL Cough Syrup!

Now JACK and JILL has become the fastest-selling children's cough and cold syrup in Canada... because it not only works so fast and so safely, but kiddies love its pleasant taste so much they actually enjoy taking it. That's why I urge you to give your little one JACK and JILL Cough Syrup... at the very first sneeze, snuffle or cough! Costs only 50c... everywhere.



FREE TO MOTHERS... Buckley's Stainless White Rub for chest colds and stuffed noses. You really must try it... so send a JACK and JILL box top to Nancy Sasser, 50 King St. W., Toronto... and I'll send you a generous free jar right away.

YOU'LL SLEEP LIKE A QUEEN in the cozy comfort of KINGCOT Blanket-Sheets... for the soothing warmth and gentle softness of these flannelette beauties hide a firm weave that's a stand-out for wear! You can choose from delicious pastels and cloud-like white... or pamper your preference for both in white with pastel borders. And be sure to team your KINGCOT Blanket-Sheets with KINGCOT Blankets... because whether you select slumber-inspired blends of cot-

ton, wool and viscose or fine, pure cotton alone, I promise you refreshing sleep and sweetest dreams. You see, it's not just the fibre itself, but the construction and finish as well that give insulation and make a blanket warm... and years of experience have given KINGCOT that important know-how. The colours are the most exquisite I've ever seen... and no budget worries will trouble your dreams, either. So stock up on KINGCOT Blankets and Blanket-Sheets!



THE HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES are over... life has once again settled back into "routine". But I'm sure you're as busy as ever... with club meetings, shopping expeditions and the daily tasks of preparing meals plus housecleaning. And you'll want to feel like a "million" every moment... yet you can't if you have a headache, upset stomach or are feeling dull and logy due to constipation. And it's so unnecessary... for if you take NUJOL you can easily keep regular! NUJOL, you know, is absolutely pure mineral oil of the highest quality...



... is crystal clear, tasteless and odorless. A little NUJOL is all you need, too, to keep regular as clockwork... just follow directions on the bottle and you'll feel fine in "no" time. Think I'm exaggerating? Well, prove it to yourself... by letting me send you a free 8 oz. bottle of NUJOL. It's a gift... just write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario. And don't delay... do it today!

I HEARD AN INTERESTING STORY the other day about a young friend of mine... Johnny B. It's a true story... and I'd like to tell it to you. You don't meet too many like Johnny, for he's only in Grade VI... but he already knows what he wants to be... an electrical engineer. He's studying hard and making good grades, naturally... but even more important, he runs his own paper-route and out of his earnings he's saving \$1 a week at the BANK OF MONTREAL towards his degree! That's a long-range objective for a youngster...



... but Johnny has figured out early that the only way to get what you want is to save for it! So I suggest that you start your youngster on the way to independence and success right away... by opening an account for him at the B of M today! Remember... the habit of saving is an important part of the habit of success! He'll be so proud as he sees his Savings Account at "My Bank" grow... and you can be justly proud, too.



While Father and Mother coped with the Saturday rush in their village store, Kate and the rest of their wide-eyed brood used to sneak grandstand seats for the

BIGGEST NIGHT OF THE WEEK

By KATE AITKEN

Illustrated by William Winter

LAST FRIDAY EVENING when I left the CFRB studios in Toronto following my seven-o'clock broadcast, the smart Bloor Street shops were thronged with customers and the surging crowds outside seemed like the midway at the CNE. Driving home to the outskirts of the city I passed the great supermarkets, all ablaze and jammed with buyers, and I was reminded how in so many centres across Canada Friday night is now the busiest shopping time of the week. Times are certainly changing.

When I was a youngster growing up behind the counters in my father's general store in the small town of Beeton, Ont., Friday night meant only the occasional shopper hurrying in to pick up a pound of tea on her way to choir practice, and maybe a few

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NEXT MONTH KATE RECALLS A DAY AT THE FALL FAIR



By RUTH TEMPEST
Illustrated by Ted Harris

Did you hear

WHAT BETTY MALLORY DID?

MOST OF THE PEOPLE who know Gordon Mallory's wife, Betty, think the change in her came that Friday night at the swimming-pool party at the Vales'. It was, by then, certainly obvious. After all, when the shyest shadow in the corner snubs the guest of honor, humiliates her husband and possibly hurts his career—and all of it cold sober and with no attempt at apology, then or ever . . .

Who would ever have thought mousy Betty Mallory could cause such a sensation? Nobody. Not even Betty herself. Betty least of all!

That is, up until that Friday morning. Because it was then the change in Betty began. That night's encounter with J. Bowman Crosley was just the final inevitable explosion in the creation of a new Betty Mallory.

It might seem, to those who read the newspaper stories or just heard about the Vales' party, that J. Bowman Crosley was obviously the one who could take all credit for the successful chain reaction. Certainly he was the one who had tried to destroy Betty's only great pride: that she could drive a car, and drive it well.

But why—why did little brown wren Betty blow up when she did? Why did she refuse to accept a slander most women receive ruefully but patiently every day of their lives?

Because that Friday morning Betty had met a small, maladjusted boy named Henry. A child about the age of her own son. Henry, who had looked at her with reflecting eyes that mirrored a spineless woman, voiceless, opinionless (except for her belief in her driving), beset by one anxiety—the desire to please.

Henry was the one responsible for Betty's action later that day when she did meet Mr. Crosley. Perhaps Betty herself lit the match or pulled the switch or figuratively did whatever is done to set a reactor reacting. But it was because she had permitted herself to understand what she saw in Henry's eyes.

It happened toward the end of three exhausting hours at the co-operative play school Betty's two children attended. She had noticed that the day's visiting animal—this Friday a duck, which the children had named Quak-Quak—seemed a bit breathless in its wooden box under the hot sun.

"Oh, the poor duck,"

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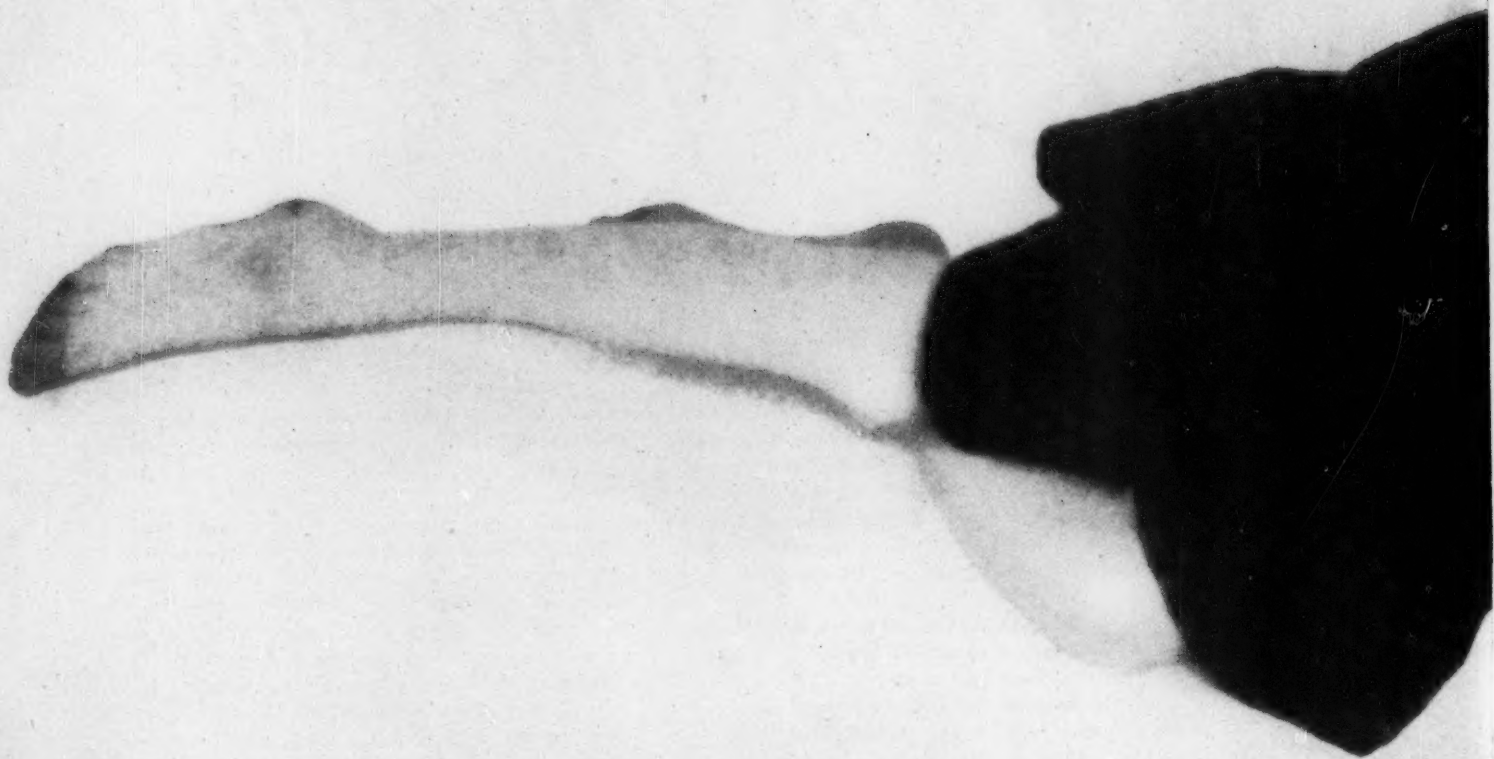
No one, not even her husband, thought shy little

Betty had the nerve to go to the police.

But that, of course, was after she

encountered Mr. J. Bowman Crosley





Woman's Greatest Enemy

By DR. MARION HILLIARD



Chief of Staff at the Women's College Hospital, Toronto, Dr. Hilliard

I HADN'T BEEN in practice very long when a colleague asked me how I was enjoying my profession. I considered the question carefully.

"You know," I answered, "I believe I get more pleasure out of making well women happy than in curing a definite disease."

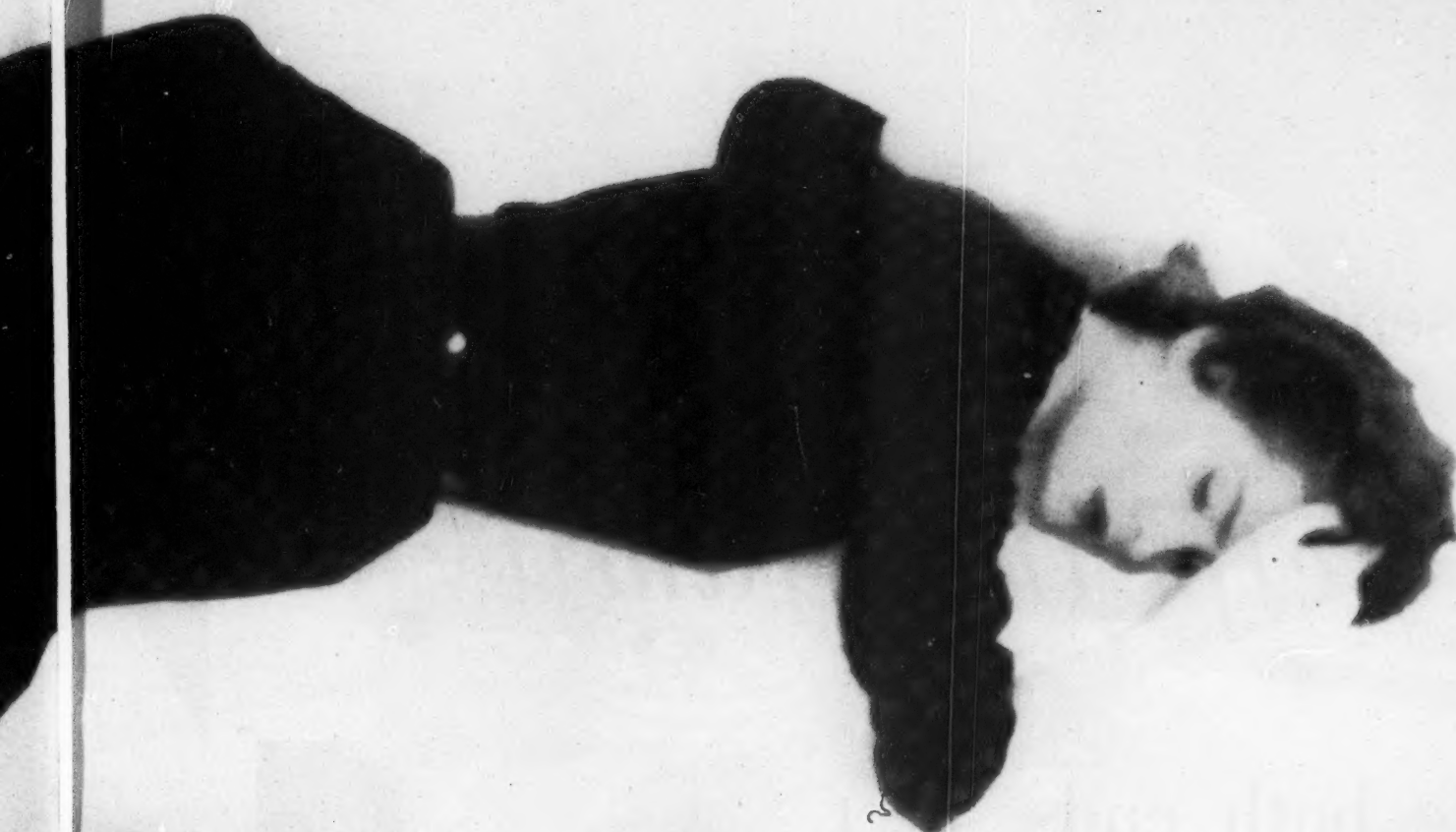
"Ah," nodded my friend knowingly, "the fatigue cases."

Fatigue is such a common problem that there are few doctors who don't encounter it in one of its various forms every day. In dealing with women, which is my province, we use the word fatigue to define several dozen states of mind and body: the childless housewife who says she is tired all the time; the middle-aged woman who has headaches; the business woman who wakes up every morning more tired than when she went to bed; the young mother whose back aches. Fatigue inexorably accompanies the great changes within

a woman—the girl reaching adolescence, the pregnant woman, the woman in her menopause.

Fatigue is the word for the intangible that means the difference between a woman who walks with a spring in her step and a woman who wishes she were dead. It is a word that is being used in medical research, along with "stress," to explain the basic cause of heart attacks and ulcers in young, ambitious people. Stress and fatigue are modern calamities, the result of the run-run-run environment of our hurrying civilization. They go together because fatigue is the result of stress, when too much strain has been put on the mental and emotional side of a person, causing a possible breakdown of the physical.

I believe fatigue to be the greatest enemy a woman ever faces and, tragically enough, the one she is least likely to recognize.



ROCKETT

is Fatigue

has donated her payment for this article to the hospital's building fund.

Fatigue, carried to its extreme, can shorten her life or lead to mental illness. It will sap her strength and leave her at the mercy of transient infections. It can break up her marriage by turning her into a shrew, and blight the lives of her children; by keeping the safety catch off the trigger of her temper it can lose her her best friends. Most terrible of all, it robs her of the joy and vitality without which any life is grey and meaningless.

I must explain what I mean by fatigue. I don't mean the physical exhaustion of a woman who has been doing the spring cleaning for a week, or nursing an invalid over several sleepless nights and days, or working overtime on an inventory or a giant, supercolossal sale. Those women are merely tired, a state of enormous weariness which can be cured by one good night's sleep. When I speak of fatigue I'm speaking of the sensation of being

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*BECAUSE fatigue strikes every
woman during the three most critical
periods of her life*

*BECAUSE fatigue is often a tragic
mask for boredom, fear or selfishness*

*BECAUSE fatigue can break up your
marriage, bring on mental illness or
shorten your life*

We sent an expert

to help this family

make both ends meet



Russ and Joie Woods, of Windsor, Ont., were in trouble trying to make \$300 a month cover upkeep on two children, a new bungalow, a bigger car than they should have bought and a rash payment on a TV set. On this first call our expert offers a plan

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

Author of the best-selling book, How To Buy More For Your Money

WYANDOTTE STREET in Riverside, Ont., is a broad avenue lined with compact new brick-faced houses separated by strips of still thin lawns with carefully spaced young shrubs.

In front of one of these houses I got off the bus from Windsor five miles away with an unusual assignment from Chatelaine—to try to

help a family I had never met solve its money problems. This was to be a budget experiment with a real family, Russell and Josephine Woods and their two youngsters, to see if all the precepts of smart buying and management can actually work out well in real life.

The Woodses are a family with a universal

problem: they can't make their income fit their expenses. Our plan was to sit down with Josephine and Russell and discuss their financial frustrations in complete frankness, scrutinize their expenses item by item, and draw up a budget they can live by.

Later I'll return to talk to Josephine and Russell to find out if the budget really works. I'll be reporting to Chatelaine's readers every three or four months during the next year on how this real-life experiment is working out.

Russell Woods was waiting for me on the lawn.



Big entertainment bills are out for the Woods family, but all of them, especially young Mark and Roddy (right), enjoy a suppertime picnic around the table in the back yard.

young-looking for a father of two. He speaks quietly and is just a little reserved. I admired the shrubs and gardens bordering his 57 ft. by 100 ft. plot, and we went in to meet his wife.

Josephine Woods is slender, dark-haired, with delicate small features. She doesn't look as though she weighs more than a hundred pounds. But the moment you meet her you know that here is a woman of strength and ability. You note her poise, her close attention to you and what you have to say, the casual but alert way she handles her children. Her cordiality quickly broke down any embarrassment Russell and I may have felt about my coming to poke into their affairs.

I also met red-headed Roderick, a bright self-sufficient four-year-old who must wear glasses because of an eye injury suffered at birth, and Mark, an active talkative one-year-old.

Russell and Josephine Woods had already

outlined in correspondence their money problems and concern over them. Theirs is the struggle of many young white-collar families as they strive to participate in Canada's climb toward a higher standard of living while fighting the inroads of a cost of living that has bounced up sixteen percent in just three years. More than twice as many Canadian families have mechanical refrigerators and vacuum cleaners as had them ten years ago. But more than half our families are still without even these basic amenities, and the drive to own them and sewing and washing machines and other equipment for more comfortable living is causing much mid-night budget juggling.

As a music teacher in the Windsor public schools Russ earns \$4,450 a year, a fairly typical white-collar salary. Like most men with seemingly larger salaries these days, he doesn't bring home all of it. After deductions, of \$11.55 a

month for medical and life insurance, \$26.70 for pension fund, \$40.60 for taxes and \$1.10 for Patriotic Fund, he actually gets \$300 a month during the school year and an additional \$650 to finance the chequeless summer. Still his pay seems big compared to the \$1,650 he earned when he started teaching eight years ago. And yet Josephine and Russ are in debt.

They got into this squeeze by doing what many families have done recently: they bought a house and they bought a car. These are universal enough ambitions and not too hard to realize on the installment plan. But Josephine and Russ, like the rest of us new home owners, discovered that when you buy a new house you've only bought the shell of a potential home. The Woodses bought their house new and bare three years ago. It carried a tag of \$8,950, fixtures extra, \$1,450 down. A lot of money, they felt. But

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A black shadow split in half on the steps outside before

Mr. Cohen's eyes. It was his Rose being kissed by a young man.

Art

By PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON

Illustrated by Oscar

MR. COHEN'S LEPRECHAUN

You'll love this story that recaptures the fun of Abie's Irish Rose, mixes in some of the enchantment of Finian's Rainbow, and steals heart throbs from both

SOMETHING WAS WRONG in Mr. Cohen's world. It was a small world, consisting only of a brownstone house in a backwash of genteel respectability and bearing the legend "S. Cohen, Tailor to Gentlemen" in chipped gold leaf on the front door. But a subtle tension rose from the basement to slowly permeate the business premises on the ground floor until even Mr. Cohen became aware of it. Suspicion flared when his spying operations on the new building across the street were interrupted by Plotnik, his cutter and only assistant.

"The men came from the customs with the Donegal tweed. It's downstairs." A strange lilt crept into Plotnik's speech rendering it almost unintelligible. "Wisha and isn't it the fine day now with the sun shining and all!"

He rolled his eyes like a runaway horse and Mr. Cohen stared at the wispy figure over the cutting-table. Suspicion became certainty as Plotnik who had cut cloth for twenty-five years in dour silence suddenly burst into song. Mr. Cohen sagged against a dummy and regarded him with astonishment. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," Plotnik's drooping features were transfigured by a beaming smile. "I just feel good!"

Mr. Cohen digested this information and was filled with nameless dread. Never as long as he remembered had Plotnik felt anything

but terrible and headaches, backaches, suspected ulcers passed before him in endless review.

"Maybe," Mr. Cohen drew out his watch with hands that trembled, "maybe you better go home early today!"

Plotnik adjusted a shapeless hat at a jaunty angle and appeared to be dancing when he went out the door. His voice rose on the falling dusk and Mr. Cohen distinguished, "O, the biys of Kilkenny are wild rovin' blades . . ." before it faded away into the night. The workroom swam around its proprietor and he fled upstairs to the sanity of his home.

His wife bustled from the kitchen to greet him, her hair as black and her eyes as tender as the day he married her. "You're tired, Sam. Sit down and rest until supper." She plopped a pillow behind him and drew up a stool for his feet. "I'm waiting for Rose to get dressed. She's going out tonight."

Mr. Cohen obeyed, removing his shoes and spreading out the evening paper in his lap. The vague unease in his heart melted away before the reality of crocheted head-rests on the sofa and rubber plants in the window, and his round face that looked almost like Winston Churchill's, but not quite, smoothed out into serenity. He leafed idly through the paper until black print leapt up at him under a glorified version of

Continued on page 51



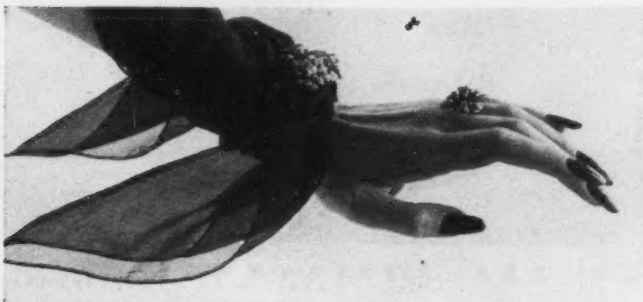


Freckle-faced Bettina, *left*, was the loveliest French model I photographed in my five years in Paris. I remember one rainy afternoon I had gone to the salon of Jacques Fath. Bettina, who was to model some of the new dresses, rushed in late wearing a belted trench coat over her street clothes and a beret on her head. She tore them off and then before our eyes the most amazing transformation took place. From one dazzling gown to another she changed and as she changed clothes she seemed to change personality into that of the lady of fashion shown *below*.





Comtesse de la Falaise, above, is the daughter of an English painter and the wife of a French nobleman. Her beauty is of the clear-skinned willowy kind. Her sophisticated bearing and her natural ability to wear clothes make her a delight to photograph. Maxine de la Falaise is one of the few models I know who can wear a Schiaparelli creation of extremely high style and look absolutely right in it. She has been frequently pictured not only as a model but as a *femme du monde*. The difference is that as a model she gets paid for posing but in the other role she appears in the fashion photograph without pay, being identified by name as a society woman. The photo below, taken in Paris, shows one of her hands, as elegant as the rest of her.



BEAUTIFUL WOMEN I HAVE SHOT *by*

DESMOND RUSSELL

EVER SINCE I left my old job as an RCAF pilot nine years ago I have been making my living by taking pictures of good-looking women. This work has taken me from my native Toronto to New York, London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Copenhagen and now back to New York with countless interesting way stations in between. I started with a secondhand Rolleiflex and the theory that fashion photography provides the widest range of experience and expression—that is if you're interested in fantasy, beauty, humor and money. American girls are, I think, the best models in the world because they work harder than any others at their job. But French models are the most attractive because somehow they manage to retain an essential womanliness. The highly trained (and highly paid) U.S. models are frequently too skinny to be really attractive as women. I've seen some good Canadian models but few of them do sufficient modeling to acquire expert polish.

Continued on next page

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN I HAVE SHOT (continued)

Gigi, right, has some of the same gamin quality of Bettina after whom she rated as the number two Paris mannequin when I was there. Both women had the same healthy interest in food and would never let fear of calories interfere with their enjoyment of a *châteaubriand* swimming in a rich sauce. New York models, trained as fine as athletes, sometimes faint on the set from sheer exhaustion brought on by hunger.

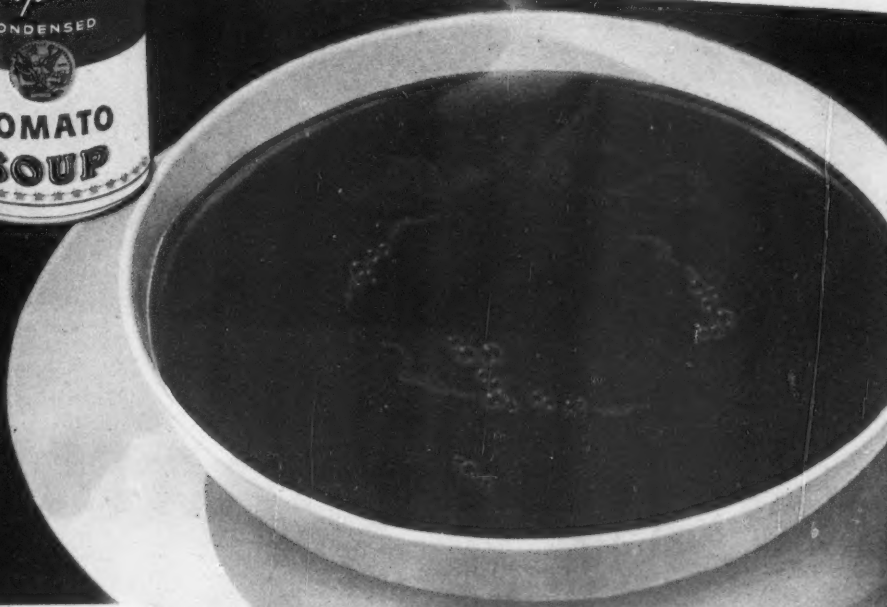


Two Carmens from two cities who have worked for me as fashion models in the past few years. The Carmen above is a New York girl who ranks high among the host of truly capable and highly photogenic girls who work at the trying trade of model there. They get \$40 an hour as against the \$10 rate paid the average Canadian model. Carmen Lister, right, is the best Canadian model with whom I have worked. She has a good deal of what I call "the star element"—an ability to glow like a star whenever the camera lens is pointed in her direction.

I'm often asked by girls who want to get into this line of work how they should go about it. My advice would be to study your make-up and grooming problems (every woman has at least one) and if necessary get professional advice on how to solve them. I would advise you to study dramatics and ballet to learn how to pose and walk and—what is more important—project your personality. And once a girl is started on her career as a model she should study the pictures of the best ones in an effort to find out how they do it. Some of these girls are probably no more beautiful than you are but they have that inner glow that makes them remembered and when they put on a dress for a couturier—on them it looks wonderful. ♦



Serve Better, Easier Meals with This Great **3-WAY** **TOMATO SOUP**



DELICIOUS AS A *SOUP*

Served with sandwiches, salad, or dessert, a big steaming bowl of Campbell's Tomato Soup is a favorite main dish at lunch or supper. It's speedy...easy...nourishing...and oh, so good!

That's because Campbell's is a velvety purée of red-ripe tomatoes blended with table butter and seasonings...according to a matchless recipe.

2 TOPS AS A *POUR-ON SAUCE*

Heat Campbell's Tomato Soup straight from the can, season to taste, pour over meat loaf, pork chops, fish cakes, croquettes!

BIG 'N' BETTER HAMBURGERS

1 pound ground beef
1 small onion, minced
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup soft bread cubes
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup

Combine meat, onion, seasonings, egg and bread; mix well and shape into 4 large patties. Cook in shortening in a skillet until done; place on a warm

platter. Pour soup direct from can into skillet; stir to loosen browned bits of meat. When sauce is hot, pour over patties. Makes 4 servings.



3 EXTRA GOOD IN *COOKING*

Stews, casseroles, many dishes, taste better, look better when you add the zesty flavor and color of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

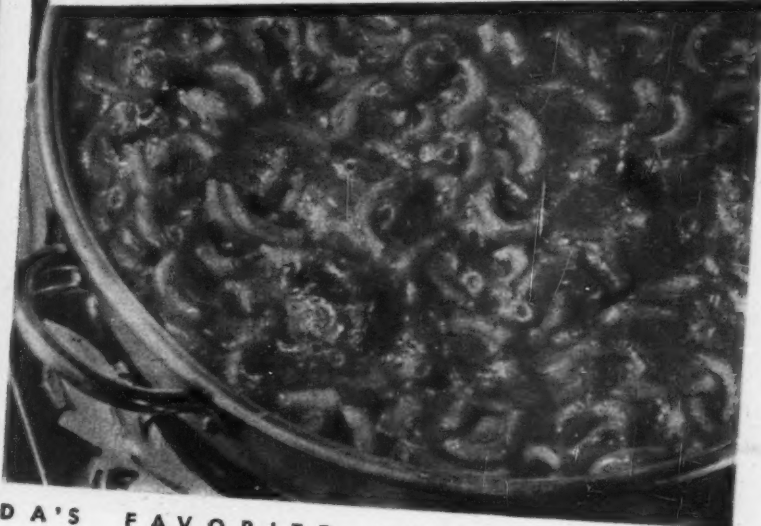
TOMATO-CHEESE MACARONI

1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup
½ cup milk
2 cups shredded sharp cheese

¼ cup finely chopped parsley
4 cups cooked macaroni
2 tablespoons buttered bread crumbs, if desired

Heat soup as it comes from can, milk and 1½ cups cheese over low heat; when cheese melts, add parsley. Blend with macaroni; pour in

2-quart casserole. Top with remaining cheese and buttered bread crumbs. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (400° F.). Makes 6 servings.



CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS



50 FAVORITE FAMILY

Here are the hearty supper dishes, the luscious new



FOR YEARS THE LOVE we rightly lavish on our good cooks across Canada has been tinged slightly by a persistent and niggling rumor to the effect that some of the best cooks are downright furtive when it comes to sharing the recipes for their choicest creations with others.

Well, we are in a position to denounce these stories as a monstrous myth. We've just had the heart-warming and mouth-watering experience of reading the 1,850 entries to the Chateleine Favorite Family Recipes Contest.

From every part of the country good cooks have written in to share their fine recipes, some of them generations old, some of them never before committed to paper, some of them from kitchen files yellowed with age and scented with the good cooking smells of years.

For instance, the Dry Curry that came to Mrs. J. T. Richardson's kitchen in Lloydminster, Sask., by way of England from Gibraltar many many years ago. And the Fried Rice, Chinese Style, that the Webbs of Addison, Ont., first ate in the homes of Chinese friends in the Orient.

Mrs. E. R. A. Temple's Mock Grey Goose came to Calgary from Ireland and Mrs. Mary Tessier's Salt Codfish à la Abad came to her home in

Grand Bank, Nfld., as the gift of a Portuguese consul and heaven knows where he got the recipe. The delicious Tarte à l'Oignon that never fails to delight the Delcellier family of Ottawa was brought to Canada by Mr. Delcellier when he visited his birthplace in the Rhone Valley.

Not all these delicious dishes came from abroad of course. Many of them were the creations of pioneer cooks. Take, for instance, the Pork and Turnip Pie that is a favorite in the home of Mrs. H. R. Bruce of Bobcaygeon, Ont.

There just isn't space to run all the recipes we would like to share in turn with you any more than there is room to tell the stories about their origins. But from the hundreds we received we did finally select (and what a job it was!) fifty favorites which you will find on the following pages. Each reader who submitted one of these fifty (including the man who sent in his favorite example of his wife's cooking) will receive five dollars and a copy of Chateleine's book of 363 Home Tested Recipes.

Top choice and winner of the hundred-dollar prize is the Seven Layer Dinner pictured on the cover, the family favorite in the home of Mrs. E. A. Phillips on the outskirts of Belleville, Ont. Everyone thought this flavorful, nourishing dinner-in-a-dish was an excellent example of the kind of eating Canadians like. And when Jean Byers, of the Institute staff, and photographer Peter

Croydon went to Belleville to talk to the prize winner and take the pictures, we found Mr. and Mrs. Phillips were the kind of people everyone likes.

Edwin and Eva Phillips are a cheerful, active, forward-looking couple whose major interest is centred in blond, blue-eyed Lilian, aged five, and her brother Teddy who is just three. They are natives of Winnipeg and less than two years ago moved to Belleville where Mr. Phillips is in the lawn-stone business. Incidentally it was from a Manitoba farm friend that Eva Phillips got the idea for her prize-winning recipe. In this household where Dad builds cupboards and Mother fills them with home-canned foods, where the children have their own play room and a swing apiece, where Eva Phillips collects bowling trophies and Edwin Phillips gladiolus bulbs, there are many well-liked dishes but the Seven Layer Dinner was finally selected because the "makings" are always at hand and because it invariably brings requests for seconds—and a copy of the recipe.

For contrast, another favorite pictured here is a special-occasion dessert. Mrs. M. T. Nielsen, a Danish-Canadian settled in Winnipeg, says her Empress Augusta Viktoria Torte is "something special." We agree. When we topped it with a seven-minute icing to take its picture it vanished just as soon as the shutter snapped.

Chatelaine

For the Canadian Woman

January 1954

20 Cents

Women's Greatest Enemy
— Fatigue

By Dr. Marion Hillard

50 FAVORITE
FAMILY
RECIPES 50

SEVEN LAYER DINNER



\$100 PRIZE-WINNING COVER RECIPE

SEVEN LAYER DINNER

All the family know a treat is coming when Mrs. E. A. Phillips, of Belleville, Ont., serves up this special dinner-in-a-dish.

Into a 9-inch greased casserole place:

1- to 2-inch layer of thinly sliced raw potatoes.

A layer of thinly sliced raw onions.

A layer of thinly sliced raw carrots (4 or 5 medium-sized are sufficient).

Sprinkle $\frac{1}{4}$ cup uncooked rice over the 3 layers.

Add 1 tin of peas and their liquid.

A pound of pork sausage arranged on top.

Pour 1 tin of tomato soup diluted with 1 tin water overall, season, and bake (covered) in medium oven for 1 hour. At the end of that time turn sausages over and leave casserole uncovered for 1 more hour of baking.

Garnish with pickled crab apples or apple wedges.

RECIPES

COMPILED BY MARIE HOLMES, DIRECTOR, CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

desserts and tasty tidbits made by our good cooks all across Canada

EMPRESS AUGUSTA VIKTORIA TORTE

Mrs. M. T. Nielsen, Winnipeg.



10 tablespoons butter
3 egg yolks
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 teaspoon lemon rind
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon arrack or rum
10 bitter almonds, chopped
7 tablespoons sugar
10 tablespoons flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 egg whites, beaten

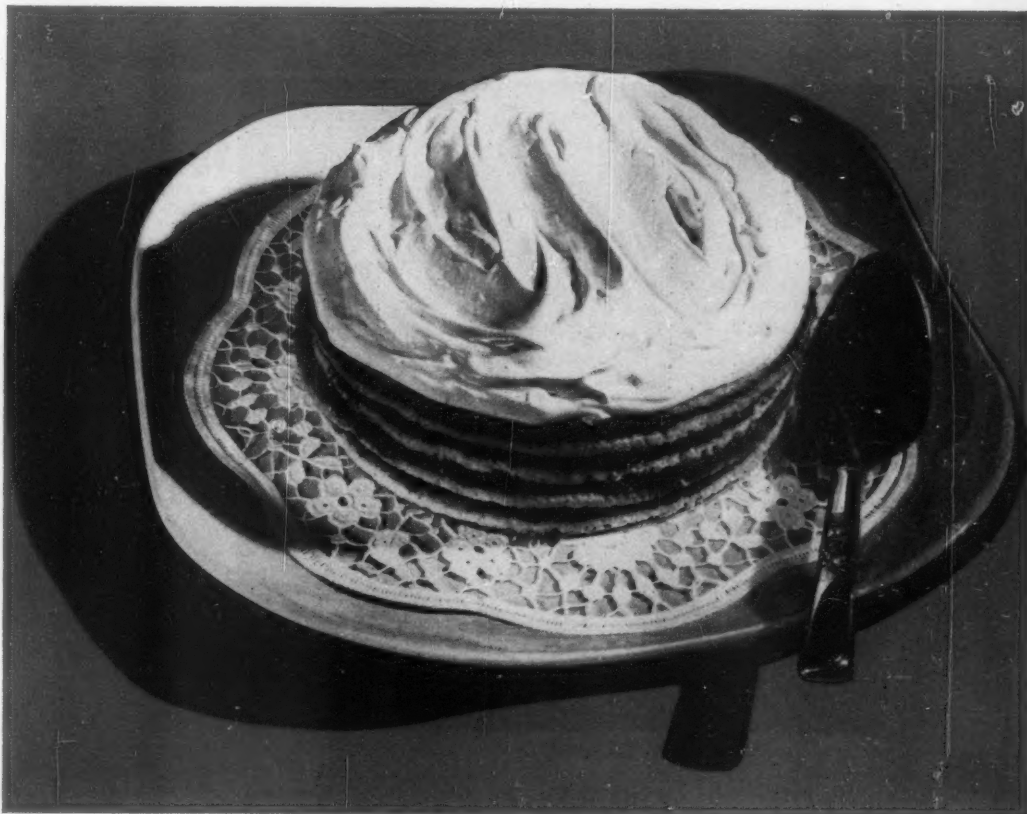
Cream butter, add 3 egg yolks and 2 eggs unbeaten, lemon rind, vanilla, arrack or rum, chopped almonds and sugar. Beat until light. Sift flour with baking powder, add alternately with beaten egg white. Bake in 5 layer-cake tins, in moderate oven.

Filling:

$\frac{1}{8}$ pound almonds, chopped
(approx. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup)
20 tablespoons sugar
(1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups)

4 ounces or 4 squares
chocolate
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pint water
Any kind of jam

Place water and sugar in saucepan, add chocolate and cook until smooth. Remove from heat, add chopped almonds. Spread first layer of cake with filling, the second layer with jam, the third with filling, the fourth with jam. If desired, top with seven-minute icing or whipped cream.



50 FAVORITE FAMILY RECIPES *continued*



Mrs. Herbert G. Lowe, Ruscomb, Ont.—Frosted Apples.

FROSTED APPLES

Mrs. Herbert G. Lowe, Ruscomb, Ont.

Pare and core large red apples (preferably Northern Spies). Roll each in melted butter, sugar and coconut. Put in baking dish, fill centres with chopped dates and walnuts. Pour over all a syrup made by heating to boiling point $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Cover baking dish and bake at moderate temperature for 45 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream and decorate with maraschino cherries.

GLAZED ORANGE HAM LOAF

Mrs. Walter Church, Martindale Heights, Ont.

1 pound ham, ground	1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
1 pound veal, ground	3 tablespoons sugar
2 eggs, well beaten	1 tablespoon cornstarch
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned orange juice	Orange slices
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	Whole cloves
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper	

Combine ham, veal, eggs, 1 cup orange juice, salt, pepper, bread crumbs. Shape into loaf in shallow baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. For glaze, mix sugar and cornstarch in saucepan; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice; cook, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Baste loaf with $\frac{1}{2}$ of sauce during baking. Top with clove-studded orange slices last half hour of baking. Serve with remaining sauce. Garnish with parsley. This will serve eight.

FRANCIE'S POPPY-SEED ROLLS

Mrs. J. C. Ash, Flin Flon, Man.

Dough:

1 cup milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 package quick-acting dry yeast	1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine	4 eggs
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	5 cups sifted all-purpose flour

Heat milk (do not boil), then measure out $\frac{1}{4}$ cup; cool to lukewarm and sprinkle in the yeast. To remaining $\frac{3}{4}$ cup hot milk add butter, sugar, salt and vanilla. Stir until all fat has melted. Cool. Then pour well-beaten eggs and yeast mixture into the cool

Continued on page 26

45 MORE RECIPES START ON PAGE 26



Mrs. Walter Church, Martindale Heights, Ont.—Glazed Orange Ham Loaf.



Mrs. J. C. Ash, Flin Flon, Man.—Francie's Poppy-seed Rolls.

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Real chicken broth—golden rich. Tender, nourishing egg noodles, cut to easy spooning size. Delicious old-fashioned homemade soup, yet you cook it in just 7 minutes with Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup Mix.



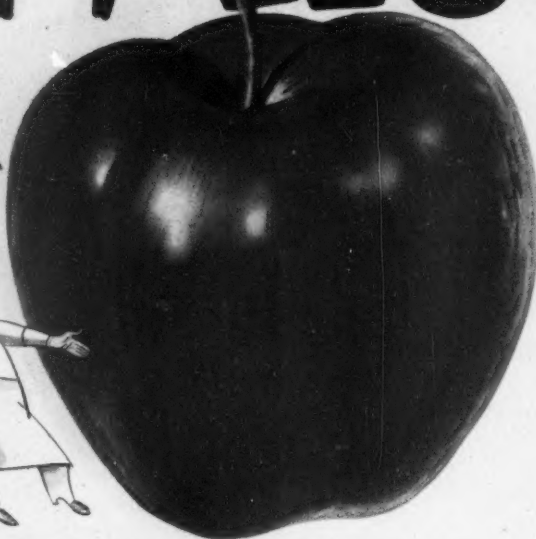
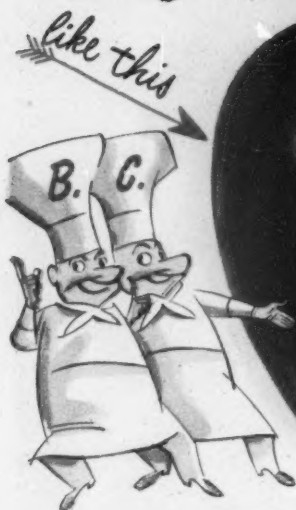
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TOMATO VEGETABLE
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50 FAVORITE FAMILY RECIPES *continued*

seasoned milk. Mix thoroughly. Beat in half the flour first, then the remaining flour. Beat until as smooth as possible. Place dough on lightly floured breadboard and knead hard, until dough is satiny smooth and elastic. Sprinkle on a little more flour if dough sticks to hands or board. Mold dough into large ball and place in greased bowl. Cover with clean cloth and stand in warm place away from draughts until it doubles in bulk. While dough is rising make filling:

Poppy-seed Filling

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 cup poppy seeds

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
Grated rind of one lemon

Cook sugar and water to boiling point over medium heat; stir until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking for about 7 minutes, or until syrup feels slightly thick when pushed around with spoon. Add poppy seeds, cinnamon and lemon rind. Stir well. Allow to stand a minute. Strain through fairly fine sieve. Mixture will be paste-like. Set aside. When dough has risen, divide it into three parts. Roll out one part at a time on a lightly floured board into a circle about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Spread entire surface with poppy-seed filling, cut circle in half, then cut the halves into fourths. Cut fourths into spoke-like sections. Then start at broad end of each spoke and roll tightly. Place on baking sheets and twist ends slightly to form a half moon. Let rolls stand in warm place until double in size. Brush tops with mixture of beaten egg yolk and water. (1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon water.) Sprinkle with chopped nuts and sugar ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts—walnuts are fine—3 tablespoons sugar). Bake 12 to 15 minutes in oven set at 400 deg. F.

Note: Topping may be omitted if desired.

SUPPER DISHES

TUNA-RICE SPECIAL

Mrs. Harold Laurin, Ottawa

2 eggs
7-ounce tin tuna fish
2 cups boiled rice
1 medium sized onion
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon soy sauce or
Tabasco sauce to taste

Make a 2-egg omelet. Let cool. Roll and cut fine with scissors. Keep warm on back of stove. Drain oil off tuna fish into deep frying pan and add onions, stirring constantly until they are golden brown. Add salt, rice, sugar and sauce, stirring all the while. When heated thoroughly, serve and garnish with cut-up omelet. Serves 4 generously. Delicious quick luncheon or Friday supper dish.

REAL ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

Mr. Jim Lally, Revelstoke, B.C.

Two separate pots.
In the first pot put the following:

10 ounces tomato soup
18 ounces tomato paste
20 ounces tomato juice
NO WATER
Handful parmesan cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
3 small ground red peppers
3 tablespoons parsley
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano, poultry
dressing, sage, nutmeg and
thyme

Cook one hour at medium low speed with the lid on.
In the other pot put the following:

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup olive oil
1 pound pork, ground
1 pound beef, ground

Brown meat thoroughly in the olive oil.
Then add:

2 large onions and
2 cloves garlic (put
through food chopper
and blended
thoroughly)
1 cup diced celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon black pepper
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt

Cook one hour at medium low speed with lid on. At the end of cooking period combine the two and simmer for 3 hours, stirring occasionally. Makes 6 pints which can be stored in refrigerator or fruit cellar. When needed heat thoroughly two pints, while your spaghetti is cooking. For the spaghetti, have your water at a full rolling boil, with no salt. Add spaghetti when the water is boiling hard, stir the spaghetti thoroughly so it will separate well, always keeping the water boiling. Add the salt to taste the last 5 minutes of cooking. 8 to 10 ounces spaghetti serves 4. When cooked, drain well and mix with half the spaghetti sauce, allowing it to sit for a minute or two to blend well, then place on your best family platter, and pour the remainder of the sauce over it. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese and garnish with black olives. For a different treat try the dried black salty olives, which can be obtained in bulk at any Italian food store.

FRIED RICE — CHINESE STYLE

Mrs. W. F. Webb, Addison, Ont.



2 packages pre-cooked rice
2 tablespoons fat (dripping,
chicken fat or butter)
1 large or 2 medium onions
(chopped)

Cooked peas
Cooked meat or chicken (diced)
Salt and pepper

Cook rice according to directions on package. (Note: when cooking 2 packages at a time, add only 2 cups water.) While rice stands for 10 minutes, melt fat in large skillet and fry onion. Turn rice into skillet with onion and keep turning over until all rice is covered with fat. Add peas and meat. And let all fry gently, without lid, until you are ready to use. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Especially good served with tomatoes and creamed cauliflower or celery.

DINNER CHOWDER

Mrs. M. Greaves, Vancouver

2 cups diced raw potatoes
3/4 cup minced onion
1/2 cup coarsely chopped celery
2 1/2 teaspoons salt
2 1/2 cups boiling water
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1/4 teaspoon pepper

1/2 teaspoon mustard
1 1/2 teaspoons bottled thick
condiment sauce
2 cups milk
1/4-3/8 pound grated sharp
cheese
1 tablespoon parsley
1 cup canned tomatoes

Combine potatoes, onion, celery, 1 teaspoon salt and boiling water. Cover and simmer until tender, about 15 minutes. Meanwhile melt butter in double boiler. Stir in flour until smooth, then add remaining 1 1/2 teaspoons salt and next 4 ingredients while stirring. Cook until thickened, then add cheese and stir until melted. Stir into potato mixture. Then add parsley and tomato. Heat and serve. Serves 4 as supper or dinner main dish.

DRY CURRY

Mrs. John T. Richardson, Lloydminster, Sask.



1 1/2 pounds steak
2 carrots
2 onions
1 1/2 tablespoons flour

1 1/2 tablespoons curry powder
2 cups water
Salt and pepper to taste

Dice the steak, brown in hot frying pan and remove to baking dish. Cut carrots and onions into fairly thin slices, brown in the pan, then place over the meat. Mix together the flour and curry powder and add the water. Bring to a boil, season with salt and pepper and pour over meat and vegetables. Bake uncovered for about 1 1/2 hours at 350 deg. F. Sufficient for 5 or 6 persons.

STUFFED CABBAGE ROLLS

Mrs. Mae Silver, Enderby, B.C.

2 tablespoons butter or
margarine
1/2 cup thinly chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped
raisins (optional)
1/2 pound chopped beef, pork
or lamb

1/2 cup cooked rice
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper and
cinnamon
14 to 16 small or
large cabbage
leaves
Sauté oil or drippings

Melt butter in frying pan. Add onion and raisins and cook over low heat until onion browns (about 10 minutes). Add meat and continue cooking, stirring occasionally until meat browns. Mix in rice and salt, pepper and cinnamon. Scald cabbage leaves in boiling water 1 or 2 minutes or until slightly wilted. Drain. Place about 1 tablespoon of stuffing in each leaf and roll up tightly, fastening with a toothpick to hold in place. Put rolls into a Dutch oven or large skillet with about 3 tablespoons salad oil or drippings and a little water to cover bottom of skillet. Cover and cook until brown, turning once. Remove to platter and thicken gravy to pour over rolls.

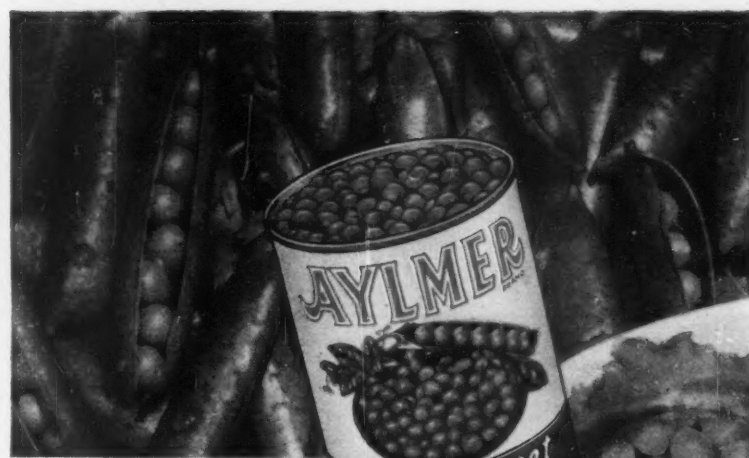
SALT CODFISH A LA ABAD

Mrs. Mary B. Tessier, Grand Bank, Nfld.

8 or 10 serving pieces of
boneless salt codfish
Beaten egg
Flour (for rolling)
Oil or lard for frying
5 or 6 medium potatoes
1/2 cup oil or margarine

3 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup vinegar
Salt and pepper
1 small onion
Parsley
Boiling water

Water fish for about four days, changing the water two or three times. Drain and dry well. Roll in egg, then flour and fry in oil or lard. Also fry sliced potatoes and place in alternate layers with the fish in a baking dish. Make a sauce with oil or margarine, flour, vinegar, salt and pepper, onion and parsley. Thin to right consistency with boiling water. (If preferred, more vinegar and less water may be used.) Pour sauce to almost cover fish and potatoes in casserole and bake for about 1 hour. Garnish with sliced lemon and serve. Any extra sauce may be used when serving.



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brought
right to
your table

Aylmer Peas



PEAS IN TOMATO ASPIC

1 package lemon
jelly powder
1 cup boiling water
1 cup Aylmer
tomato juice

1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
3/4 to 1 cup
well-drained
Aylmer Peas

Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. Add tomato juice, salt and pepper. Rinse 6 moulds in cold water. Pour 3 tbsp. jelly mixture into each mould and add 2 or 3 tbsp. peas. Allow to partially set. Add remaining jelly mixture. Place in frig. until firm. Serves 6.

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EGG AND VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

Mrs. R. Manwaring, Saskatoon



2 cups diced cooked potatoes
1 cup diced cooked celery or
other vegetable
5 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
1 tablespoon chopped onion

1 tablespoon chopped
pimiento
2 cups well seasoned medium
white sauce
1/2 cup grated nippy cheese

Add all the ingredients except cheese to the white sauce. Pour into a greased casserole and top with the grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven of 450 deg. F. until brown (about 15 minutes). Serves six.

PORK AND TURNIP PIE

Mrs. H. R. Bruce, Bobcaygeon, Ont.



1 1/2 pounds shoulder pork,
cut in serving pieces
1 1/2 cups boiling water
1 1/2 cups raw turnip, cut in
thin finger strips
2 cups raw potatoes, cut in
slices
1 teaspoon salt

Dash of pepper
1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose
flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 cup shortening
3/4 cup milk

Place cut portions of pork in a baking dish with boiling water. Let simmer one half hour. Arrange turnip strips over meat and then potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover and cook until the vegetables are nearly done (generally 20 minutes). Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in shortening. Add milk and stir lightly. Turn on board and roll to 1/2-inch thickness. Can be placed as one piece or cut in rounds as biscuits for individual servings, on top of the vegetables. Bake in a hot oven 450 deg. F. till brown.

QUICK AND EASY CHILI

Mrs. R. A. Whyte, Dawson Creek, B.C.

1 pound ground beef
1/2 cup chopped onions
1 can tomatoes, large
1/2 cup ketchup

Salt and pepper
2 teaspoons chili powder
1 can whole kernel corn
1 can red kidney beans

Brown the beef in a little fat in a heavy pan. Add the onions and cook about 5 minutes, stirring well. Add the tomatoes, ketchup, chili powder, about 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Stir well, cover and simmer for 1 hour over low heat. About 15 minutes before serving, add the corn and kidney beans, mixing well, and simmer for 15 minutes. Serve in bowls; this recipe makes four large or six small servings, and may be made beforehand and heated up at mealtime. Hot biscuits or brown bread is the perfect accompaniment for this meal.

ONION PIE (TARTE A L'OIGNON)

Mrs. H. A. Delcellier, Ottawa



Unbaked pastry shell
3 cups thinly-sliced mild onions
3 tablespoons olive or salad oil
1 tablespoon butter

1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
1/2 cup cream or top milk
6 ripe olives (chopped)

Fry onions gently until soft and yellow in the oil and butter. Add mustard to cream or milk and combine with the onions. Pour into unbaked pie shell and sprinkle with the olives. Bake for 15 minutes at 450 deg. F., reduce heat to 350 deg. F. and continue baking until filling is set (about 10 minutes longer).

Note: Once I used the filling in very small tart shells to serve as hot tidbits at a cocktail party.

LIVER CASSEROLE

Mrs. Richard Monaghan, Burlington, Ont.

1 pound beef liver
1/2 cup flour
1 can consommé soup
1 can tomatoes

2 medium potatoes
2 carrots
1 onion

Wash liver and cut into 1-inch cubes. Dip in flour, brown in frying pan and place in bottom of casserole dish. Pour consommé and canned tomatoes into frying pan and simmer for 5 minutes. Slice potatoes and carrots and cover liver. Chop onion and add to casserole. Pour consommé and tomato mixture over top and bake in oven at 350 deg. F. for 1 1/4 hours. Serves four.

MEATS

GERMAN SAUSAGE

Miss Dorothy Lamb, White Rock, B.C.



- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 pound ground beef | 1 teaspoon pepper |
| 1/2 pound bacon, put through mincer | 2 teaspoons salt |
| 1/2 pound bread crumbs | 1 teaspoon nutmeg |
| | 2 well beaten eggs |

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Form into sausage, tie in cloth tightly and boil for 2 hours. Remove cloth while warm. Use cold, sliced as cold meat or for sandwiches.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

Mrs. Hermon Stevens, Calgary

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 4 pounds pork spareribs | Thinly sliced unpeeled lemon |
| Sliced peeled onion | |
| Sauce: | |
| 1 cup ketchup | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1/3 cup Worcestershire sauce | 1/2 teaspoon Tabasco sauce |
| 1 teaspoon chili powder | 2 cups water |

Cut the spareribs into pieces, spread in roasting pan, meatier side up. On each piece put 1 slice of onion and 1 slice of lemon. Roast for 30 minutes at 450 deg. F. Meanwhile make a sauce by combining the sauce ingredients and heating. At the end of 30 minutes reduce oven heat to 350 deg. F. and pour the hot sauce over the ribs. Bake 1 hour longer. Baste and "sozzle" the ribs in the sauce every 15 minutes. If sauce gets too thick add a little more water.

LI'L ABNER'S CANDIED PO'K CHOPS

Mrs. Phyllis Urquhart, Lansing, Ont.



Place as many loin pork chops as are needed in the bottom of a cake tin. In the centre of each put a tablespoon tomato ketchup and on top of this a thin slice of lemon. Shake moist dark-brown sugar over all liberally. Pour boiling water in at the side, just enough to keep the bottom wet and make a thick gravy as it cooks. Bake at 300-350 deg. F. Time depends on thickness of chops. When done sauce will be rich dark amber, lemon will be almost candy. If they are not brown enough they may be broiled for a short time. Serve with frenched green beans or frozen peas. The sauce is wonderful over these too.

MOCK GREY GOOSE

Mrs. E. R. A. Temple, Calgary

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 medium flank steak | 2 1/2 teaspoons sage (we like sage, taste after first spoonful) |
| 4 or 5 medium potatoes, boiled and mashed | 2 tablespoons lard or butter |
| 1 cup chopped scallions (tops and all) or chopped onions | Salt and pepper to taste |
| | 1 cup milk |
| | 1 tablespoon Mushroom Ketchup |

Add scallions, sage, salt and pepper to mashed potatoes. Mix thoroughly. Spread lard or butter on steak, then spread potatoes. Roll up like a jelly roll and tie with a string. Bake in open roaster on rack in oven at 325 deg. F. for about one hour. Baste frequently with milk to which mushroom ketchup has been added. Make gravy of drippings, flavoring to taste with mushroom ketchup.

Mushroom Ketchup:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 quarts fresh mushrooms | 1/2 teaspoon mace |
| 1 teaspoon saltpetre (may be omitted) | 1/2 teaspoon allspice |
| 6 cloves (whole) | 1/2 teaspoon red pepper |
| | Salt |

Bruise mushrooms and put in a crock or large mixing bowl, layered with salt. Cover tightly. Let stand at least 24 hours. Rinse mushrooms and place in granite saucepan. Add spices and saltpetre. Then simmer very gently 4 hours. Remove from heat, strain and bottle. I like to chop a few of the pieces of mushroom and add to each bottle. Seal and keep in a cool place.

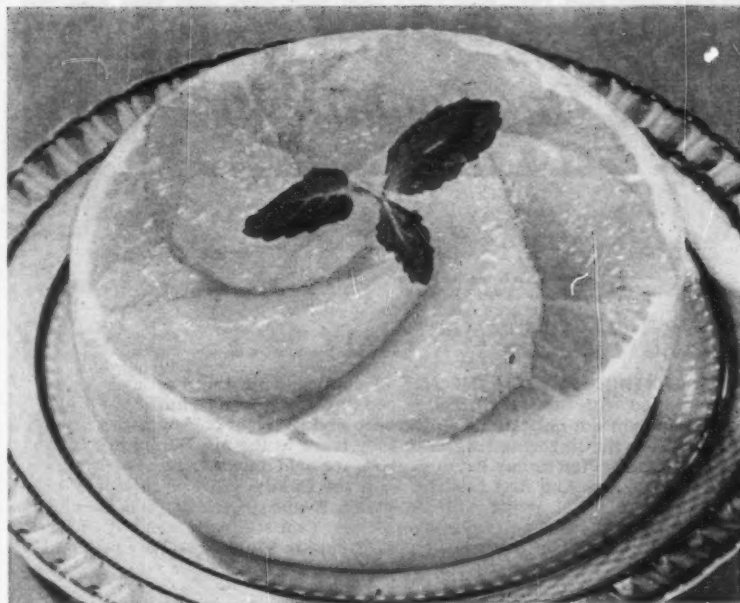
DESSERTS

WINTER PIE

Mrs. Kelvin Bunner, Warton, Ont.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 cup seedless raisins | 1/4 teaspoon cloves |
| 1/2 cup finely ground carrot | 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg |
| 1/2 cup sugar | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1 tablespoon cornstarch | 1/2 cup hot water |
| 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon | 1 cup coarsely chopped apple |

Combine the dry ingredients, and add to the raisins and carrot. Add water, bring to a boil and simmer about 5 minutes. Then add apple. Bake this mixture between two crusts about 20 minutes in oven 350 to 400 deg. F.



FLORIDA SUNBURST. Easy variation of the classic dessert for dieters—half a Florida grapefruit: Halve grapefruit, loosen sections. Arrange orange sections on top in sunburst effect. To serve hot, broil about 10 minutes till lightly browned.

Feel lighter...
feel brighter!

Choose **GRAPEFRUIT**
for dessert!



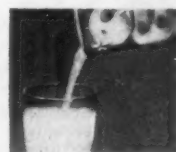
Refill empty grapefruit shells with scooped-out sections and cubed orange gelatin made from orange juice and unflavored gelatin. Use non-caloric sweetener. (Your grocer has it.)

Freeze can of citrus salad (orange and grapefruit sections mixed), serve spooned over berries or fruit.

If dessert time's a struggle between your sweet tooth and your conscience, tempt yourself with these luscious light desserts, made with Florida Grapefruit. Thin-skinned Florida Grapefruit is popping-full of tangy, tart-sweet juice and is an excellent dietary source of Vitamin C.

"C" is one vitamin your body doesn't store. That's why it's a wise plan to get a daily supply to help maintain energy and resistance to infection. The natural fruit sugars of Florida grapefruit give you quick energy, too — and half a grapefruit adds only 50 to 75 calories!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA.



Canned Florida grapefruit juice is handy, economical way to get "C". Fresh tasting, too!



Fresh Florida grapefruit are famous for thinner skins outside, more juicy sections inside.



Canned Florida grapefruit sections are ready to use in salads, fruit cups. Keep a few tins handy.



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FLORIDA Grapefruit
The Bracer Fruit



Carnation Home Service Director

CHEERING FOODS FOR CHILLY DAYS

DOES ANYTHING MATCH THE JOY of coming from the frosty air into a kitchen filled with the warm smell of cooking? I doubt it! That's why I give special thought not only to the appearance and flavor of cold-weather dishes — but also to the lingering fragrance they leave in the air. Pumpkin Pie for instance, stands high on my list of desserts for cold days . . . it smells so good while it's baking. And first favorite with the family, is the Pumpkin Pie I make with Carnation Evaporated Milk. It's amazing, the richer, deeper, more satisfying flavor that Carnation brings out in Pumpkin Pie — and the wonderful, creamy-rich consistency it gives. That's true, no matter what recipe you use. You see, Carnation is concentrated to double-richness . . . and specially heat-refined. So it performs cooking miracles not possible with ordinary milk.



CARNATION PUMPKIN PIE

(Makes a 9-inch pie)

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon (each) nutmeg, ginger, allspice and cloves
- 1 1/2 cups canned pumpkin
- 1 large can undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
- 2 eggs
- Unbaked 9-inch pie shell

Combine filling ingredients and beat together with rotary beater until smoothly blended. Turn into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Lower heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and bake until knife inserted in centre comes out clean (about 35 minutes longer).

Warm days, cold days — sunny days, snowy days — it's hard to imagine anything more appealing than the smell of coffee in the making. Lots of people agree on that. And another thing on which there is wide, wide agreement, is on the wonderful things that Carnation Evaporated Milk does for coffee. Do you know that millions of coffee lovers prefer Carnation to any other brand of evaporated milk in coffee — even prefer it to cream? They do! And no wonder. Carnation gives coffee a tempting golden-brown color . . . satin-smooth consistency . . . rich, rich flavor. Carnation is heavy enough to whip — yet it costs only about half as much as cream. Try Carnation in your coffee.

Whenever you want to see a bright-eyed, healthy-looking baby, seek out a Carnation baby of your acquaintance. Carnation babies are traditionally husky and contented . . . and for a number of very good reasons. First — Carnation is notably easy to digest. It's specially heat-refined, to make it a soft protein milk. Second — Carnation provides all the important nourishment of good whole milk, including the minerals absolutely essential for good teeth and sound bones. To take greatest advantage of Carnation's calcium and phosphorus, there is increased vitamin D . . . 480 Units per pint. Carnation Milk is absolutely pure — absolutely uniform. What more could you want in a milk for Baby? If there's a baby in your home, ask your doctor about Carnation Milk for him.

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to the delightful Saturday radio show, "Stars Over Hollywood". A complete half-hour play every week — featuring in person top dramatic stars of screen and radio. See your newspaper for time and station.

FREE

my latest booklet, "One-Dish Meals". It's full of delightful meal-making inspirations. Write for your free copy to Dept. 24, Carnation Company Limited, at Toronto or Vancouver or St. John's, Nfld.



"from Contented Cows"

On days when the mercury dips, it's a rare person who isn't heartened when you serve a big bowl of steaming soup. So you'll want to know this easy, new way to make cream soups more delicious and satisfying than ever before: Make them with Carnation Evaporated Milk. You just won't believe the wonderful difference Carnation Milk makes in your favorite soups. Carnation is so much smoother than ordinary milk — so much richer in flavor — that it gives soup a creamy flavor and consistency that's truly luxurious. And look how easy it is:

CARNATION CREAM SOUPS

(Richer flavored, more nourishing)

- 1 can of your favorite soup (tomato, pea, vegetable or chicken)
- 1 small can (or 1/2 cup) undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
- 1/2 cup water



Combine soup, Carnation and water. Heat and serve as usual.

Time-saver for a busy day — instead of making pie crust for pumpkin pie, bake pumpkin-pie filling in custard cups set in pan of hot water. Call it "Pumpkin Custard" . . . delicious!

FRESH BLUEBERRY PIE

Miss F. E. Hunt, Toronto



- 2 1/2 cups blueberries
- 1 1/2 cups fresh black currants
- 1 1/4 cups white sugar

- 2 tablespoons flour
- Pastry

Combine sugar and flour and put half of this mixture on the bottom crust, then the combined fruits and sprinkle with the balance of the sugar and flour. Cover with top crust. Bake in an oven at around 400 deg. F. Black currant jam and canned blueberries may be used. In this case no sugar is required.

SWEET STRAWBERRY RICE

Mrs. Trowdy Drechsel, Lloydminster, Alta.

The Rice:

- 3 cups hot cooked rice
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup evaporated milk or cream, chilled and whipped
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Mix the sugar with the hot rice and chill. Whip the milk or cream and add lemon juice. Add the vanilla. Fold in the chilled rice gently. Pack the rice mixture into a greased dessert mold. Chill molded rice till firm.

The Sauce:

- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups sliced strawberries (fresh or frozen)

Scald the milk in the top of a double boiler. Slightly beat together the eggs, salt and sugar. Slowly add the hot milk to the egg mixture. Mix thoroughly. Return to the top of the double boiler. Stirring constantly, cook over hot water only until the egg mixture coats the spoon. (Do not overcook or custard will curdle.) Add the vanilla. Chill. Add the strawberries. Spoon the sauce over servings of the sweet rice. Serves eight.

SOUR CREAM PIE

Mrs. Edwin Chandler, Brantford, Ont.



- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup raisins, chopped dates or chopped figs
- Recipe for one-crust pie pastry

Beat egg yolks until light. Sift together sugar, spices and cornstarch and gradually add this sifted mixture to egg yolks. Add cream and beat well. Add fruit. Line a deep pie plate with pie pastry and pour in filling. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Just before the custard sets, spread evenly over the top a meringue made of the egg whites, stiffly beaten, and 3 level tablespoons white sugar gradually added. Bake until golden brown. Serve hot or cold.

CHOCOLATE FLOATING TRIUMPH

Maida E. Palmer, Trenton, Ont.

Batter:

- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup sugar (white)
- 3 tablespoons cocoa
- 1/2 cup nut meats
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Topping:

- 3 tablespoons cocoa
- 3/4 cup sugar (white)
- 1 1/4 cups hot water

Start oven at 350 deg. F. Grease 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan. Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking powder, salt, sugar, cocoa. Chop nuts into small pieces, add to dry ingredients. Melt shortening. Cool. Add milk and vanilla to shortening and mix. Mix liquid and dry ingredients. Spread batter evenly in greased pan. For topping mix cocoa and sugar. Add hot water, stir till sugar is dissolved. Pour over batter. Bake 1 hour at 350 deg. F. (During baking, batter rises to top, leaving chocolate sauce on bottom.) Serves six.

CHOCOLATE MINT PIE CAKE

Mrs. L. D. Oliver, Calgary

1/4 cup unsweetened coconut
(medium)

4 chocolate-coated mint patties

1 package white cake mix

1 uncooked pie shell

Line pie pan with rich pastry; mix white cake batter according to directions on package and fill pie shell two thirds full. Cut 3 patties in halves and arrange on batter, cut remaining patty in six and place in centre of pie, sprinkle generously with coconut, bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, reduce heat to 375 deg. F. and continue baking until richly brown and firm to touch (about 25 minutes). Serve warm or cold with top milk or cream. Serves six.

CHEESE APPLE CRISP

Miss T. MacRae, Kemptville, Ont.

1 1/4 quarts apples, peeled and
sliced

1/4 teaspoon cinnamon

3/4 cup water (room temperature)

3/4 tablespoon lemon juice

1 1/2 cups granulated sugar

1 cup all-purpose flour

1/4 teaspoon salt

1/2 cup butter or margarine

1/2 to 3/4 cup shredded
Canadian cheese

Arrange apples in a shallow baking pan, sprinkle with cinnamon. Add water and lemon juice. Combine sugar, salt and flour; work in butter or margarine to form a crumbly mixture. Lightly stir in shredded cheese. Spread this mixture over the apples and bake in a moderate (350 deg. F.) oven until the apples are tender and the crust is golden brown and crisp. This recipe makes portions for 12 but serves our family of six!

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Mrs. J. Roos, Westmount, Que.

10 eggs, separated

1/2 pound sugar (scant)

1/2 pound semisweet chocolate
(melted)

1 tablespoon rum

1 tablespoon concentrated
black coffee or instant
coffee powder

Mix egg yolks with sugar, until creamy. Add melted chocolate, rum and coffee. Lastly fold in the very stiffly beaten egg whites. Keep in refrigerator until ready for serving. Serves 8 to ten.

CAKES

SOUR CREAM CAKE

Miss Audrey McQueen, Moosomin, Sask.

1 cup butter

2 cups sugar

1 cup sweet milk

3 cups cake flour

3 teaspoons baking powder

5 egg whites

1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually, creaming until the mixture is very light and fluffy. (This is a very moist, tender cake if you cream the butter and sugar thoroughly, so don't neglect this part.) Sift the flour, then measure it. Sift at least twice more with the baking powder and add it to the butter and sugar alternately with the milk. Add the flavoring and lastly fold in the egg whites which have been beaten until they are stiff but not dry. Pour the batter into three greased 9-inch layer pans and bake about 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.). When cool remove from pans and fill with:

Sour Cream Filling:

5 egg yolks

1 cup heavy sour
cream

1 cup sugar

1 cup nuts, chopped

1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring

Beat the egg yolks until they are thick and lemon-colored. Then add the sour cream and sugar. Cook this over water until the mixture is creamy and thick. Cool and add the nuts and flavoring. Spread it thick between the layers. If you want something extra special, ice the sides with a seven-minute frosting.

Note: The filling will soak into the cake so it should be eaten as soon as possible. It isn't the kind that will keep. I mean that two ways!

No soaking! No hard scrubbing!
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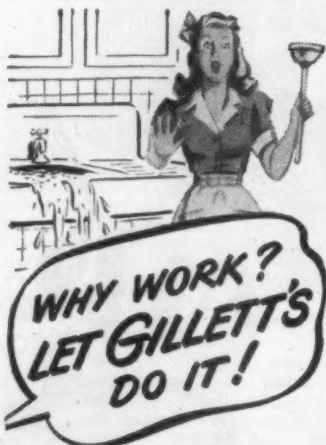
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GENUINE



HONEY FRUIT CAKE

Mrs. Barbara Macdonald, Moncton



2 cups prunes
1 cup dried apricots
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup silvered blanched
almonds
1 cup coarsely chopped
walnuts
1 pound mixed diced candied
fruit
1 cup shortening

1 cup honey
4 eggs
2 cups sifted all-purpose
flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/4 teaspoon mace

Cover prunes and apricots with boiling water and let stand 10 minutes. Drain and cool. Remove pits from prunes and chop prunes and apricots. Rinse and dry raisins. Combine dried fruits, nuts and candied fruits. Cream shortening and honey together. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together flour, salt, baking powder and spices. Put into creamed mixture. Pour batter over fruits and nuts and mix well. Line 9-inch tube pan with 2 thicknesses of greased brown paper and one of greased waxed paper. Bake in very slow oven (250 deg. F.) 3 1/2 to 4 hours with shallow pan of hot water on bottom of oven. Decorate top with nuts and honey-glazed fruit just before serving.

To glaze fruit: Boil prunes and apricots 10 minutes. Make syrup of equal parts honey, sugar and water. Add drained fruits and simmer until well glazed. Drain on wire rack.

HONEY ANGEL CAKE

Mrs. O. H. Horan, Vancouver

1 cup flour
1 cup fine sugar
1 1/2 cups egg whites (10 eggs)
1/2 teaspoon salt

2 level teaspoons cream of
tartar
1/2 cup strained honey (heated)
2 teaspoons flavoring (1 use
1 almond and 1 vanilla)

Sift flour and sugar together five times. Add salt to egg whites, beat till frothy, then sift in the cream of tartar and beat to peaks. Beat in the heated honey and flavoring and then fold in the flour and sugar mixture. Put in a heated tube pan and bake at 425 deg. F. for 22 to 25 minutes.

HUNGARIAN WALNUT CAKE

Mrs. Joseph Tolft, Brantford, Ont.

8 egg yolks
8 tablespoons fine granulated
or fruit sugar
5 tablespoons dry bread
crumbs (heaping)

5 heaping tablespoons ground
walnuts (measured after
grinding)
8 egg whites

Beat egg yolks, add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Blend in the bread crumbs, then add ground walnuts and beat until all is well blended. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into first mixture. Turn into 2 (8-inch) cake pans that have been lined with waxed paper. Bake in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) for about 40 or 45 minutes. Remove cakes from pans as soon as they come out of the oven and peel off waxed paper immediately to prevent sticking. Let cool. Fill with Rum and Butter Filling.

Rum and Butter Filling:

1/4 pound sweet butter
8 tablespoons icing sugar
1/4 pound ground walnuts

4 tablespoons milk
2 tablespoons rum

Cream butter until fluffy and beat in the icing sugar gradually, until all sugar has been used and mixture is light and fluffy. Add the 1/4 pound ground walnuts that have been brought to a boil in the milk and cooled. Blend in the 2 tablespoons rum. Spread between the cake layers. To serve, slice into portions and top each serving with sweetened whipped cream.

TUMBLER CAKE

(substitute standard measuring cup for tumbler)

Elizabeth Lavers, Truro, N.S.

1 tumbler butter
2 tumblers brown sugar
1 tumbler molasses
3 tumblers flour
2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon each clove,
cinnamon, nutmeg
3 packages seeded raisins

3 packages currants
1 pound cut citron
1/2 pound each cut lemon
and orange peel
2 pounds dates, cut in pieces
1 tumbler milk
1 tumbler strawberry
preserve
1/2 tumbler good rum

Cream butter, add sugar and molasses and cream together. Sift flour with soda and spices and dredge the combined, prepared fruits with a little of the mixture. Add dredged fruits to creamed mixture. Then add remaining dry ingredients alternately with milk. Stir in preserve and rum. Mix thoroughly and turn into 3 large bread pans, filling to within an inch of the top. Steam 3 to 4 hours, then bake in moderate oven (325 deg. F.) about 1 1/2 hours. You don't need to steam them but they are better. If you don't steam, cook in slow oven of 250 deg. F. about 2 hours.

RAISIN-NUT CAKE

Mrs. Marjorie Gregor, Winnipeg

1½ cups seeded raisins	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup white sugar	½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup brown sugar	½ teaspoon allspice
¼ cup light molasses	¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup melted shortening	1 teaspoon soda
2 eggs, beaten	1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
2 cups flour	1 cup chopped nuts
½ cup cocoa	

Steam the raisins or rinse with boiling water. Drain well on absorbent paper and flour lightly. Combine the white and brown sugar, the molasses, shortening and beaten eggs and cream together. Sift together the flour, cocoa, spices and salt. Dissolve the soda in the sour milk or buttermilk and add alternately with the dry ingredients to the creamed mixture. Add the floured raisins and the nuts and beat well. Put in greased and floured pan and bake at 350 deg. F. for about 50 minutes.

Note: This cake lends itself to many variations: Sweet milk and 2 teaspoons baking powder may replace sour milk and soda. Seedless raisins or dates may be used. Some flour may be replaced by oatmeal. Coconut may be used in place of nuts. By adding a little flour you have the right consistency for drop cookies. It can be baked as cup cakes. Baked in shallow pans so that cake is about 1 inch thick, it can be iced and cut in bars for dainties. Pieces served with pudding sauce make a good dessert. It is the perfect picnic cake. It is the cake that this family never tires of for any occasion.

OLD-FASHIONED MARBLE CAKE

Mrs. W. F. H. Brown, Edmonton

Light part:

½ cup butter	1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1½ cups white sugar	½ cup sweet milk
2½ cups sifted flour	4 egg whites
½ teaspoon soda	

Cream butter, add sugar and cream together. Measure sifted flour and sift again with soda and cream of tartar. Add to creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Beat well and fold in beaten egg whites.

Dark part:

½ cup butter	½ teaspoon soda
1 cup brown sugar	1 teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup molasses or maple syrup	½ tablespoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg
4 egg yolks	½ cup sour milk
2½ cups sifted flour	

Cream butter, add sugar and molasses or maple syrup and continue creaming. Add egg yolks and beat well. Measure sifted flour and sift again with soda, cream of tartar and spices. Add alternately with sour milk to first mixture. Beat well. Drop alternate spoonfuls of light and dark batter and bake in a moderate oven.

COOKIES AND BREADS

WALNUT ROLLS

Mrs. R. Lund, Winnipeg

2 cups sifted flour	2 egg yolks
½ pound butter	3 tablespoons cream

Mix flour and butter together as for pie paste. Add slightly beaten egg yolks and cream. Mix and roll into small balls (a little smaller than a walnut). Makes about 85 or 90 balls. Place balls on a cookie sheet or pan and chill one hour or overnight in the refrigerator.

Filling (make this when ready to bake):

2 tablespoons boiling water	½ pound minced walnuts
1¼ cups brown sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites	Pinch of salt

Put boiling water and brown sugar into top part of double boiler; when water and sugar start to boil, add unbeaten egg whites and beat steadily for 7 minutes until thick and fluffy. Take off stove and add vanilla, salt and minced walnuts. Leave over the hot water in double boiler to keep filling warm. Roll out 3 or 4 pastry balls at a time on lightly floured board using rolling pin or patting with palm of hand (roll thin, loosen from board). Put ½ teaspoon of filling in each centre, roll up loosely, like jelly roll, press both ends lightly to hold in filling, when baking. Place edge down on ungreased cookie sheet and bake in a moderately slow oven 325 deg. F. until a very light golden color (about 10 minutes). Remove from pan when baked and when cool sprinkle with icing sugar.

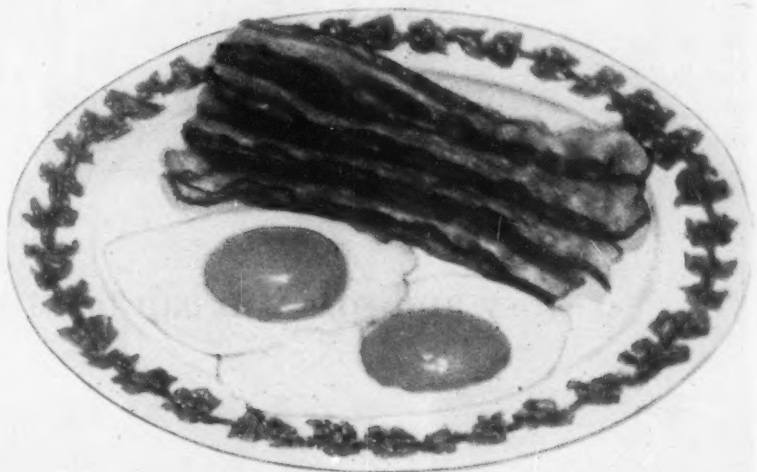
All bacon
doesn't
taste the same!

WATCH almost any man at breakfast and you'll find he's *real* fussy about the flavour of his bacon. In fact his morning temper is a kind of bacon barometer—which will be "set fair" once you serve Swift's Premium Bacon.

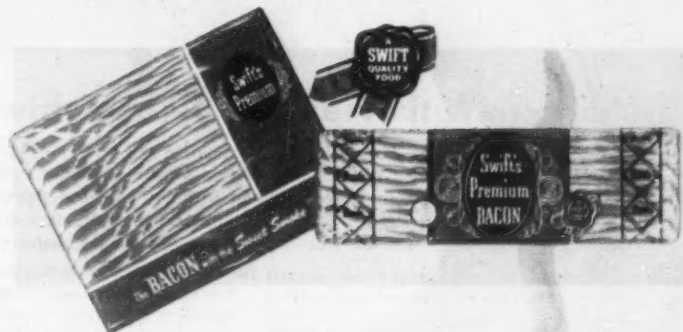
How can we be sure? Because Swift's Premium has that old-time sweet smoke flavour that every man remembers from his boyhood *and still wants*. And what's more,

Swift's Premium is the *only* bacon that is *certain* to come up with that flavour every time. For Swift still insists on the old-time, long, sure way of curing. Result—a quality that's uniform with a flavour that really L-A-S-T-S.

So for brighter breakfasts, better lunches, more savoury suppers, **ALWAYS** insist on Swift's Premium Bacon—the largest selling bacon in the world.



Swift's Premium Bacon tastes even better cooked this way: Place slices in cold frying pan. Do not overcrowd. Cook slowly turning often. For extra crispness pour off fat as it is accumulating.



Swift's Premium Bacon
with the sweet smoke taste

SWIFT—to serve your family better!

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SUNDAY MORNING OAT CAKES

Mrs. C. A. Davies, Colonsay, Sask.

2 1/4 cups rolled oats
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
2 cups (approx.) buttermilk or sour milk
2 eggs
4-6 tablespoons melted shortening (I
like bacon grease)
1/3 teaspoon soda dissolved in a little hot
water

On Saturday evening, combine the rolled

oats, salt and buttermilk. The exact amount of buttermilk depends on the rolled oats—some absorb more than others. Use enough to make a fairly medium batter. Cover and let stand overnight. In the morning, add the eggs and beat well. Add melted fat and beat again. Add dissolved soda and beat. The batter should be like fairly thick cream, so it may be necessary to add more sour milk or even water will do. Have a heavy frying pan greased and piping hot. Drop the batter in (I make

4 cakes at one time in my big iron frying pan). Brown well on the one side—bubbles will appear, then turn and brown the other side. Serve hot with bacon. We like to use bacon grease on the oat cakes but some people prefer butter and some even like syrup or marmalade. This makes about 20 nice-sized cakes.

SCOTCH SCONES

Mrs. Doris Fraser Rands, Regina

2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
Pinch of salt
1/3 cup shortening
2 eggs
1/3 cup milk or cream

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening with two knives until the mixture looks like coarse cornmeal. Beat eggs slightly with a fork and combine with the milk or cream. Stir the liquid into the dry mixture with a fork and turn the soft dough out on a lightly floured board. Knead with a light touch for 1/2 minute. Pat gently to about 1/2-inch thickness. Cut with a knife into diamonds or triangles, brush the tops with milk and sprinkle with sugar. Place on a greased pan and bake in a hot oven.

SHORTBREAD

Mrs. George Lamont, Mitchell, Ont.

2 cups butter
1 cup brown sugar
4 cups sifted all-purpose flour

Have butter at room temperature and cream well with sifted brown sugar. Add flour gradually and work in with a spoon or electric mixer as long as possible then turn mixture onto a floured board and add remaining flour, kneading about 10 minutes until dough cracks. A little more flour may be added if there is a tendency to stickiness. Do not skimp on the kneading time as this is the secret of its tenderness. Roll gently to 1/2-inch thickness. Cut with fancy cutters. Bake in slow oven, about 300 deg. F. Yields about 150 small cookies.

FRUIT DROPS

Judy Sanford (aged 10), Edmonton

1/2 cup brown sugar
1/3 cup melted butter
1/4 teaspoon soda in
1/2 teaspoon water
1 egg
1 cup flour
3/4 cup raisins
3/4 cup nuts
3/4 cup dates
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon salt

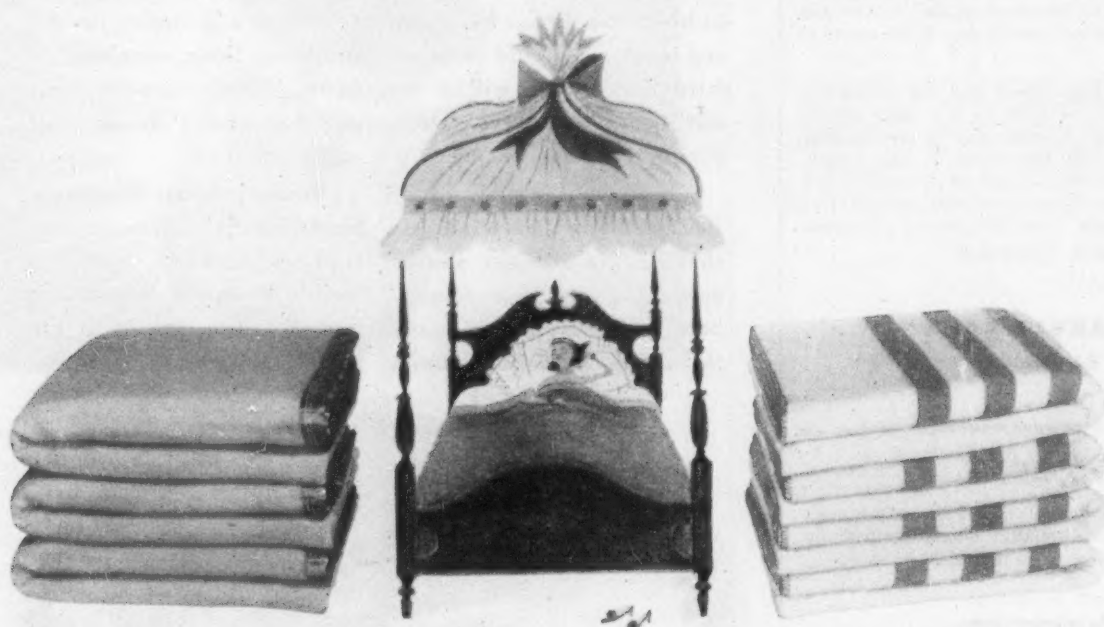
Drop in small quantities and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) till a deep golden brown. They improve by keeping. "My mummy makes these cookies. They are my favorites because they are so chewy soft. They are swell for a snack after school. Daddy loves them with canned peaches at dinner."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NUGGETS

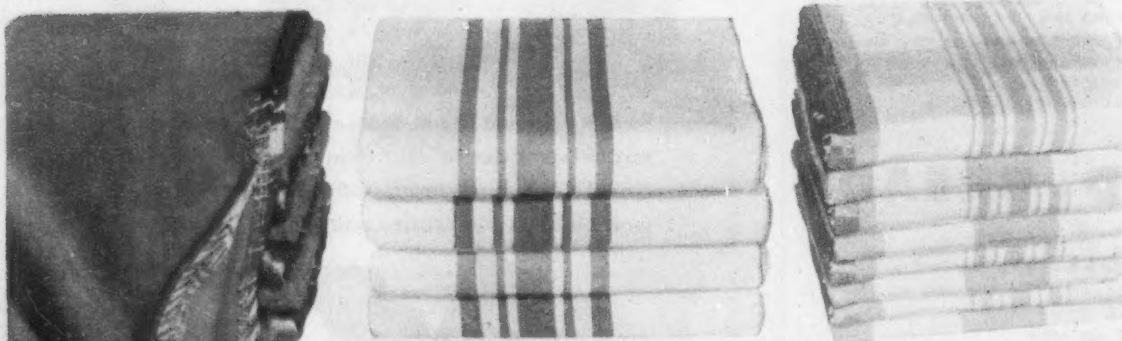
Mrs. C. Anne Johnson, Calgary

2 cups dates
1 teaspoon baking soda
1/4 cup boiling water
1 cup butter
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
3 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup chopped nuts
1 1/2 teaspoons maple flavoring

Chop dates, sprinkle with the soda and add the boiling water. Allow to stand so dates will soften. Cream butter and sugar very light. Add eggs, one at a time, beat hard. Sift flour with baking powder. Mix nuts with this and add to first part. Add date mixture and maple flavoring. Beat batter very hard. Drop onto greased cookie sheet, bake in moderate oven until delicate brown. Note: Second time, double the recipe!



So cosy and soft you can tell they're Kingcot



M-m-m, bliss! — the lady's obviously dreaming about her Kingcot blankets. Your best assurance of deep sleep and sweet dreams is the comforting warmth, the gentle softness of a deep-napped Kingcot blanket . . . And rest assured — no budget worries will trouble your slumber. There's a Kingcot blanket for every whim, for every purse — from masterful blends of cotton, wool and viscose, to pure fine cotton alone.

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CREOLE BREAD

Mrs. Eric Henry, Antigonish, N.S.

1/2 cup dried apricots
1/2 cup seedless raisins
1 large orange
Boiling water
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 egg, beaten
2 cups flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder

Soak apricots, put them through food chopper with raisins and orange peel. Put orange juice in cup, fill with boiling water, add to chopped ingredients. Stir in soda, sugar and melted butter. Add vanilla and chopped nuts. Add beaten egg and the flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Bake one hour at 300 deg. F.

Note: This bread stays moist a long time and lends itself to variations. I have used dried peaches, prunes and figs and have also added candied fruit during holiday time.

POPPED WHEAT CAKE

Mrs. George L. Campbell, Simcoe, Ont.

1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup corn syrup (golden)
Pinch of salt
2 tablespoons cocoa
8 cups popped wheat

Mix all ingredients except popped wheat and bring them to a rolling boil. Boil for one minute, stirring constantly—then pour over 8 cups of oven-crisped popped wheat, which has been placed in a large deep pan. (This prevents spilling the sticky mixture overboard while stirring, though an ordinary pan will do.) Stir quickly till all popped wheat has been covered with the syrup—then press firmly into a greased 8 x 8-inch cake tin. Cool. Cut in squares to serve.

MISCELLANEOUS

RAW VEGETABLE RELISH

Mrs. Morris Small, Midland, Ont.

Grind together:

12 onions
1 large cabbage
8 carrots
4 green peppers
4 red sweet peppers

Mix into this—one handful of salt. Let stand for 2 hours, then squeeze out juice and add to vegetables:

1 1/2 pints white vinegar
6 cups white sugar
2 teaspoons celery seed
2 teaspoons mustard seed

Mix together thoroughly, put in jars and let stand for 2 weeks before using.

BOURBON BON-BONS

Mrs. May Ward, Vancouver

3 cups crushed sweet biscuits, as vanilla wafers, lady fingers, etc.
1 cup pecan nut meats (or mixed nut meats)
3 tablespoons light corn syrup
1/2 tablespoons cocoa
1/2 cup cooking sherry, or wine
1 cup icing sugar

Turn biscuits and nuts through mincer. Mix thoroughly with syrup, cocoa and sherry. Form rounded teaspoonfuls into

balls and roll in icing sugar. Place each bon-bon in paper frilled case and store in lined tin boxes. Bon-bons will be ready in a few hours or when required, without further attention. Yields about 3 dozen.

FRUIT SALAD

Miss B. Boulton, Simcoe, Ont.

1 can grapefruit sections
1 can peach halves
1 or 2 bananas

Crisp lettuce
Golden Sauce
Maraschino cherries
Grated walnut meats (if desired)

Cut grapefruit and peaches in cubes and leave in juice until ready to use. Just before serving, drain fruit, combine with cubed banana and arrange fruit attractively on crisp lettuce on individual salad plates. Pour Golden Sauce over each serving of fruit, place a red maraschino cherry on top and sprinkle with grated nuts if desired.

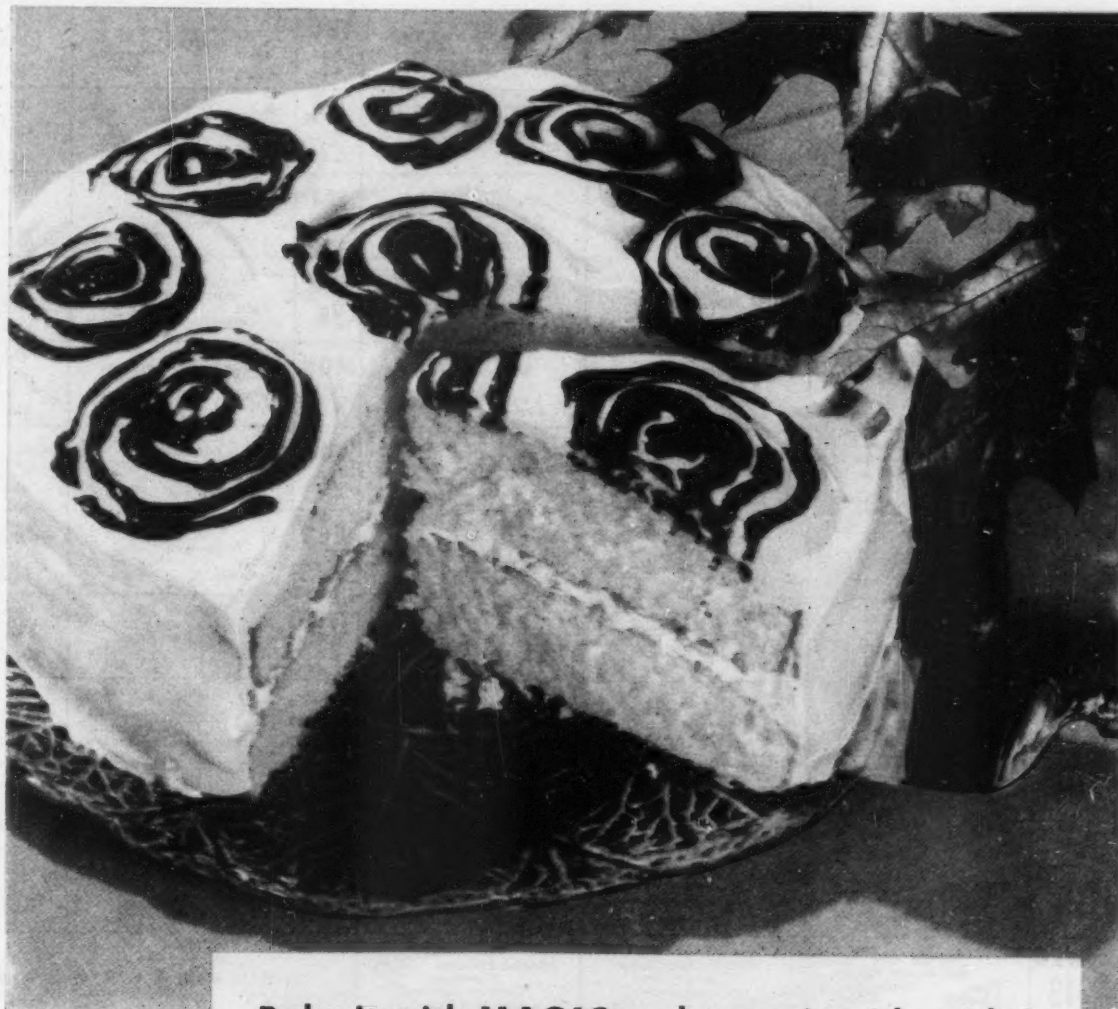
Golden Sauce:

2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup fruit juice, from cans of fruit
1/4 pint whipping cream

Cook first four items until thick in double boiler, and cool. Whip the cream and add just before serving. This should make 4 to 5 good-sized salads, for Sunday supper or bridge party.

Continued on page 37

Topping treat-Chocolate Cream Cake...



Bake it with MAGIC and serve it with pride!

You can really take a bow when it's your very own baking! And when they praise the sumptuous appearance of this lovely Magic cake... wait till they taste the luscious golden goodness inside!

Yes, for cakes that look glamorous... and taste out-of-this-world... bake them yourself with Magic. Dependable Magic Baking Powder makes them extra delicious, light as a feather... protects those costly ingredients, too. Yet it costs less than 1¢ per average baking! Get Magic today and use it in everything you bake!

CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE

1 1/2 cups sifted pastry flour or 1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 1/2 tps. Magic Baking Powder

1/2 tsp. salt
6 tbsps. butter or margarine
3/4 cup fine granulated sugar
3 egg yolks, well beaten
1/2 cup milk 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar; beat in well-beaten egg yolks. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 20 to 25 minutes. Fill and cover cold cake with 7-minute frosting; top with swirls of melted chocolate.



Chatelaine Meals of the Month

January

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
FRI 1	Apple Juice Prepared Cereal Toast Strawberry Preserves Coffee Cocoa	Sardine Sandwiches Cheese Sandwiches Canned Pineapple Sugar Cookies Milk Tea	Roast Turkey or Baked Salmon Mashed Potatoes Spinach Salad Winter Pie	WED 20	Grapefruit Juice Scrambled Eggs Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cold Ham Loaf Green Beans Creamed Corn Toasted Cinnamon Buns Milk Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlet Worcester Asparagus Sauce Potatoes Strawberry Preserves Cake (from Tuesday)
SAT 2	Oranges Whole-grain Cereal Jelly Toast Coffee Cocoa	Plain Omelet Cheese Sauce Spinach Jellied Pineapple and Apple Cookies Milk Tea	Mixed Grill (chop, wieners, bacon) Stewed Tomatoes Boiled Potatoes Snow Pudding	THU 21	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Conserved Toast Coffee Cocoa	Liver Casserole Winter-greens Salad Lemon Pie Milk Tea	German Sausage Green and Yellow Beans Boiled Potatoes Citrus Fruit Cup Poppy-seed Rolls
SUN 3	Tomato Juice Bacon Toasted Raisin Buns Orange Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Pepper Pot Soup French Toast Celery and Carrot Curis Raspberry Jelly Roll Milk Tea	Stuffed Pork Tenderloin Frenched Green Beans Parsley Potatoes Chocolate Mint Pie Cake Coffee Tea	FRI 22	Prune Juice Cereal with Bananas and Cream Jelly Toast Coffee Cocoa	Tuna Rice Special Buttered Cabbage Caramel Blancmange Date Squares Milk Tea	Consommé Mixed Vegetable Plate (spinach, beans, carrots, beets, etc.) Peach Upside-down Cake
MON 4	Orange Juice Oatmeal Porridge Conserved Toast Coffee Cocoa	Lima Bean Casserole Sliced Tomatoes Lemon Custard Fruit Drops Milk Tea	Fried Rice— Chinese Style (leftover turkey, pork) Cabbage Salad Cottage Pudding	SAT 23	Orange Juice Waffles Corn Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Boston Baked Beans Chili Sauce Broiled Bacon Frozen Raspberries Milk Tea	Curried Eggs in Rice Baked Peppers Tomato Wedges Tumbler Cake Coffee Tea
TUE 5	Mixed Vegetable Juice Whole-grain Cereal Honey Toast Coffee Cocoa	Toasted Bacon Sandwiches Cheese Sauce Green Salad Preserved Peaches Milk Tea	Broiled Pork Liver Buttered Cabbage Carrot Coins Lemon Custard (leftover) Sugar Cookies	SUN 24	Grapefruit Sections Bacon and Eggs Ketchup Toast Coffee Cocoa	Jellied Salmon and Peas Lettuce Cups Fruit Bavarian Shortbread Milk Tea	Roast Leg of Lamb Mint Jelly Parsley Potatoes Turnips Blueberry Pie
WED 6	Grapefruit Halves Prepared Cereal Toast Orange Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Scalloped Potatoes Green Peas Peach Tea Biscuits Milk Tea	Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Cauliflower Cheese Apple Crisp Coffee Tea	MON 25	Mixed Vegetable Juice Whole-grain Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Baked Lamb Patties Cheese Sauce Waldorf Salad Scotch Scones Milk Tea	Broiled Split Wieners with Tomato Paste Marinade of Peas, Carrots and Beans Walnut Roll
THU 7	Grape Juice Oatmeal Porridge Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf (leftover) Stewed Tomatoes Fried Potatoes (leftover) Raisin-Nut Cake Milk Tea	Minute Steak Green and Yellow Beans Raw Carrot Sticks Preserved Raspberries Coffee Tea	TUE 26	Grape Juice Oatmeal Porridge Jelly Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Asparagus Soup Salmon Sandwiches Frosted Apples Milk Tea	Italian Spaghetti Tossed Salad French Dressing Broiled Pineapple on Shortcake
FRI 8	Stewed Prunes Prepared Cereal Hot Bran Muffins Coffee Cocoa	Onion Pie Glazed Carrots Chocolate Floating Triumph Milk Tea	Egg and Vegetable Casserole Lettuce Salad Canned Blueberries Raisin-Nut Cake	WED 27	Tomato Juice Wheat-germ Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Cocoa	Broiled Liver and Bacon Broiled Onion Rings Endive Salad Creamy Rice Pudding Milk Tea	Mock Grey Goose Buttered Whole Carrots Mashed Potatoes Bourbon Bon-Bons Baked Peach Halves
SAT 9	Pineapple Juice Whole-grain Cereal Grape Jelly Toast Coffee Cocoa	Peanut Butter Sandwiches Tossed Salad Strawberry Jelly Raisin Buns Milk Tea	Wieners Stuffed with Cheese Coleslaw French-fried Potatoes Blueberry Pie	THU 28	Grapefruit Juice Soft-cooked Egg Whole-grain Cereal Ketchup Toast Coffee Cocoa	Pork and Turnip Pie Stewed Tomatoes Creole Bread Red Currant Jelly Milk Tea	Dry Curry Buttered Beets Cabbage Salad Chocolate Mousse Coffee Tea
SUN 10	Grapefruit Juice Scrambled Eggs Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Favorite Fruit Salad Bread Sticks Hot Raisin Bran Muffins Maple Syrup Milk Tea	Roast Beef with Gravy Raw Vegetable Relish Browned Potatoes Peas Empress Augusta Viktoria Torte	FRI 29	Oranges Prepared Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Cocoa	Apple Juice Plain Egg Soufflé Hot Fudge Shortcake Milk Tea	Baked Salmon Steak Broccoli Kernel Corn Riced Potatoes Sour-cream Pie
MON 11	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Peach Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Seven Layer Dinner Buttered French Bread Half Grapefruit Milk Tea	Beef (leftover) and Kidney Siew Fluffy Rice Wax Beans Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea	SAT 30	Stewed Prunes Whole-grain Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Stuffed Cabbage Rolls Onion Sauce Mince Tarts with Cheese Milk Tea	Mother's Night Out No Cooking
TUE 12	Tomato Juice Bran Cereal with Raisins Conserved Toast Coffee Cocoa	Chocolate Egg Nog Macaroni and Cheese Celery Cube Salad Sour Cream Cake	Li'l Abner's Candied Po'k Chops Parsley Potatoes Sweet Strawberry Rice Coffee Tea	SUN 31	Apples Sausages and Eggs Toast Peach Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Quick and Easy Chili Hard Rolls Orange and Grapefruit Cup Milk Tea	Roast Chicken Dressing Riced Turnip Brussels Sprouts Honey Fruit Cake
WED 13	Grape Juice Soft-cooked Egg Peanut Butter Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cheese Potato Croquettes Parsley Cream Sauce Tossed Salad Orange Snow Milk Tea	Veal Patties Mashed Potatoes Corn Chocolate Coconut Pudding Cake (from Tuesday)	<div>* This Month: RECIPES OF THE YEAR</div> <p>This month we haven't one but 50 recipes of the month, chosen from the hundreds of family favorites sent in by readers to our January recipe contest.</p> <p>We've used every one of them in planning January's Meals of the Month — there are main dishes, desserts and easy-to-make European-style foods you'll enjoy as a change. Beginning on page 22 you'll find page after page of these 50 Favorite Recipes, along with some pictures of the finished products, and of the contest winners who sent them in.</p> <p>Use them to enrich your family's menus all year long and next year, perhaps, you'll send us <i>your</i> own family specialty.</p>			
THU 14	Apples Broiled Bacon Crisp Toast Nippy Old Cheese Coffee Cocoa	Condensed Vegetable-Beef Soup on Toast Lettuce Wedges Dressing Strawberry Ice Cream	Tomato Sausage Bake Baked Potatoes Grated Raisin Carrots Grapefruit Mint Cup Rocky Mountain Nuggets				
FRI 15	Grapefruit Halves Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Rolls Rhubarb Conserved Coffee Cocoa	Spanish Omelet Coleslaw Gingersnaps Applesauce Milk Tea	Salt Fish à la Abad Green Beans Marble Cake Coffee Tea				
SAT 16	Stewed Prunes Oatmeal Porridge Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Potato Soup Cheese Cornflake Sandwiches Green Salad Cake (leftover)	Barbecued Spare Ribs Fluffy Rice Carrot and Celery Curis Vanilla Wafer Dessert				
SUN 17	Blended Fruit Juice Small Sausages Sunday Out Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Vegetable Salad Jellied Fruit Milk Tea	Pork Loin Roast Seasoning Pudding Broiled Pineapple Mashed Turnip Hungarian Walnut Cake				
MON 18	Orange Slices Wheat-germ Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Dinner Chowder Baked Apples Popped Wheat Cake Milk Tea	Orange Ham Loaf Potatoes Lyonnaise Spinach Butterscotch Bavarian Coffee Tea				
TUE 19	Pineapple Juice Whole-grain Cereal Honey Toast Coffee Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Bacon Roll Spinach Carrot Salad Bavarian (leftover) Fruit Drops	Swiss Steak Diced Beets Buttered Cabbage Honey Angel Cake Coffee Tea				

Continued from page 35

CHEESE CORNFLAKE SANDWICHES

Gail Kochen, Jasper, Alta.

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 3 beaten eggs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup diluted white vinegar
- 3/4 cup white sugar
- 3 level teaspoons mustard
- 1 heaping tablespoon flour
- 1 (5-ounce) can pimiento
- 1/4 pound processed nippy cheese

Combine all ingredients except pimiento and cheese and cook in double boiler till thick. Remove from heat and add pimiento, cut fine, and cheese. Stir till cheese is dissolved. Cool and store in covered container in refrigerator until needed. Cut 1/2-inch-thick fresh bread with round 2-inch cutter. (Slice of bread cuts 4 and crusts can be used dried for crumbs.) Cover all sides, top and bottom with Sandwich Spread, then roll in finely crushed cornflakes. Make a dint on top and put in a slice of pimiento olive.

SEASONING PUDDING

Mrs. N. R. MacMillan, Calgary

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon sage
- 3/4 cup onions (chopped fine)

Sift flour, salt and pepper together. Make well in centre, add the 2 eggs unbeaten alternately. Stir briskly adding milk. Let stand a while. Add onions and sage. Pour a little hot fat about 1/8 inch deep from a pork roast into a shallow baking pan. Drop the batter into pan, put into hot oven (450 deg.F.) for 25 minutes. Lower the temperature when baking commences. Serve hot with roast pork and gravy.

ORANGE MARMALADE

Mrs. Ruth Browne, Lethbridge

- 4 cups oranges, sliced
- 3 cups lemons, sliced
- 3 cups water for each cup fruit
- 1 cup sugar for each cup fruit mixture

Combine the oranges, lemons and water and allow to stand overnight. On the second day boil the fruit and water mixture until fruit is tender. On the third day add the sugar and boil until the mixture jells. Bottle and seal in sterilized jars. +

KATE AITKEN

continues her stories
of a small-town childhood

NEVER DAWNED A DAY SO BRIGHT

—the day of the annual fall fair

In February Chatelaine

GOOD LUCK CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT MARGARINE!

A difference? You bet! Sweeter, fresher **GOOD LUCK**
has that real "Melt-in-your-mouth" goodness!

Try Good Luck and find out just how sweet, how fresh a margarine can be!

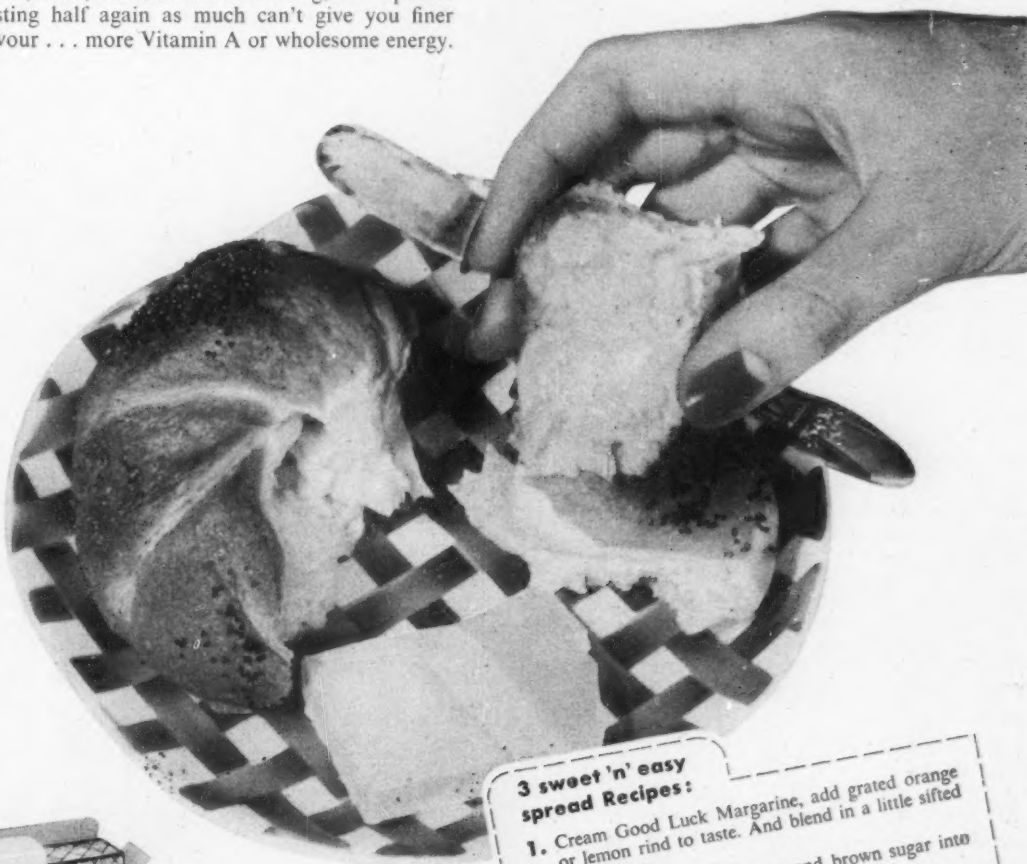
Fresher, sweeter Good Luck is sweet-churned every day! And it's "freezer-blended" by a special process, for a melt-in-your-mouth goodness you just don't get from other margarines!

Enjoy Good Luck's melting goodness on green peas, hot baked potatoes, all your vegetables; on bread, toast, rolls . . . and in cooking, too! Spreads costing half again as much can't give you finer flavour . . . more Vitamin A or wholesome energy.

Made with pasteurized ingredients, Good Luck is as pure and nourishing as a spread can be!

A difference? Just try Good Luck—and you, too, will change your mind about margarine!

Ask your grocer for Good Luck, Foil-wrapped twin-bar package with handy color wafers . . . or the new color-mix bag. Pre-colored, too, wherever permitted.



3 sweet 'n' easy spread Recipes:

1. Cream Good Luck Margarine, add grated orange or lemon rind to taste. And blend in a little sifted icing sugar.
2. Or blend ground cinnamon and brown sugar into creamed Good Luck.
3. Or try a honey version—Good Luck and liquid honey creamed together. Wonderful on hot rolls, biscuits or toast!



You can buy Good Luck ready-colored, in foil-wrapped twin bars in areas where provincial laws permit the sale of colored margarine.

GOOD LUCK

The sweeter, fresher margarine!

Talk it over with Joan Blanchard



Spring will come again, even though it seems a long way off today! But you can bring a little Spring into the house. Buy a Spring-green plant. Make a gaily coloured housedress . . . like the one on this page, for instance. (It's Tex-Made, too . . . of Monarch Broadcloth, in "Bittersweet." You can get a similar pattern from most leading companies)

* * *

Brighten that faded rug—with one of the wonderful foamy rug dyes that shampoos and dyes in one process!

* * *

Bright idea for beds—make a dust ruffle out of a coloured sheet, to match or contrast with your bed-sheets and blanket (Tex-Made Petal-Tone sheets look just as enchanting around the bed as on it!)

* * *

How bright can mirrors get? Rub them with newspaper—and see!

* * *

Be sure you buy pillow slips two or three inches longer than the pillows they'll be used on. They'll fit better—wear longer.

* * *

And when buying sheets, ask about *thread count* . . . the number of cotton threads per inch woven lengthwise and crosswise. The higher the count, the finer the sheet. (For instance, "Type 128" usually means 128 threads per square inch, but Tex-Made Select quality sheets have 134. "Type 140," ordinarily 140 threads, contain 144 threads in Tex-Made's Luxury quality. Tex-Made's Combed Percale, a "Type 180," actually has 184 threads per square inch).

* * *

Brighten family faces with a chocolate cake tonight. Line the top of double boiler with waxed paper for melting chocolate—saves chocolate and dishwashing.

* * *

Incidentally, have you sent away yet for my interesting, informative booklet? So many, many people have, it's already in a second edition! Just write "Your Guide To Buying Sheets and Pillow Slips" on a postcard with your name and address. Send it to me at Dominion Textile Co., Ltd., 1950 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal.

No. 2... How Canada lives *better*...

Canada lives better...



It's always an event to spread on whites like these Tex-Made beauties, woven to wear through countless washings. You save—really *save*—on low, low priced Select quality sheets with amazing durability . . . popular Luxury quality sheets that blend cozy comfort with superb strength . . . Combed Percales, so rugged for all their silky smoothness.

Biggest saving is right here—in time and work! With Tex-Made's Fitted Sheets, in either the Select or the Luxury quality, corners actually slip over the mattress, adjust *themselves* to a smooth fit. Snuggness saves wear. Never a wrinkle, never need ironing.

Big buys for little folks—ever-warm ever-popular Warmsheets. Between these bunny-snug flannelette sheets tiny toes never feel a chill, whatever the weather. And Warmsheet washes wonderfully, dries in a jiffy, never needs an iron. The blanket here, of course, is the famous striped Ibex.

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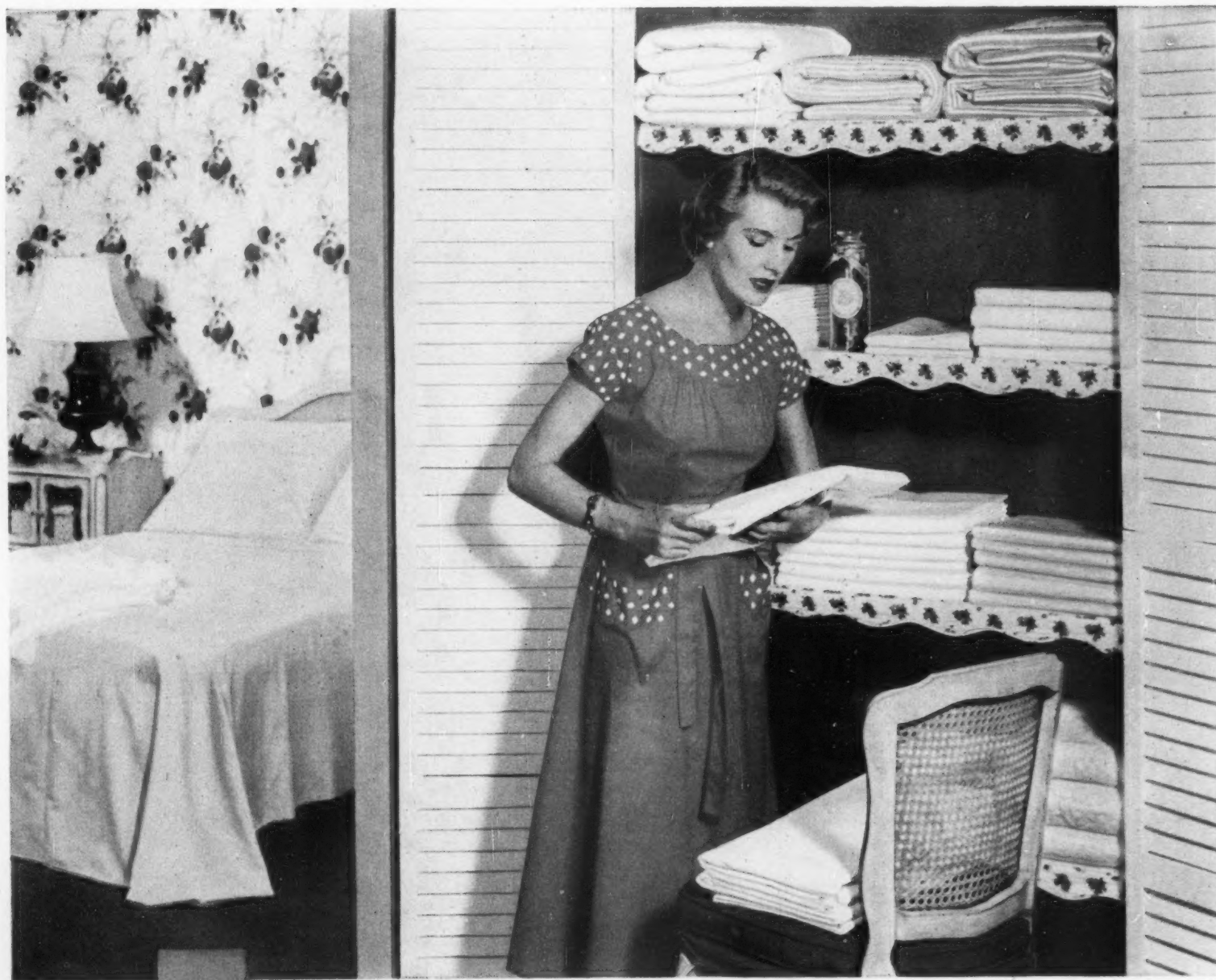
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Now's the time—the **savingest** time to take stock of your shelf! Now — when Winter White Events at stores all over Canada are offering so *many* Tex-Made values — such marvelous Tex-Made values. Make your budget do wonders! It'll buy luxury in white sheets, loveliness in coloured sheets, work-saving fitted sheets, Ibex and Downy-Tone blankets . . . all the famous, fabulous buys that make Tex-Made Canada's guide to better living.

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START SAVING NOW AT WINTER WHITE EVENTS
IN CANADA'S GREAT STORES**



Made RIGHT . . . here in Canada

Brilliant tones sell for a song in Canada's Winter White Event! With Tex-Made Petal-Tones, you can match a shade in your draperies, highlight your decor, or capture a charming mood. In Petal Peach, Green, Petal Blue, Daffodil Yellow or Petal Pink — washable, colour-fast, lovely for years! Incidentally, Downy-Tone blankets come in a wonderful range of special colors to mix or match with Petal-Tones.



Grandmother's Linen Closet Was Never Like This

Look What's Happening to Living

BY KAY DARCY

"White goods" was granny's pride and her millstone, but today's canny housewife likes "linens" that brighten and lighten her load. Why, some of them are even made of linen

I CAN REMEMBER when "white goods" was the leading cause of female heart failure, fallen arches and family fights. And if you picture me a silver-haired granny, why bless you, child, you need not be more than thirty to remember a time when the contents of the family linen closet could make or break a woman's reputation—and her back as well.

A girl started hemstitching towels and handworking pillow cases before she'd landed a steady beau. And once she married and settled down her neighbors held back their house calls until they

had a chance to observe her clothesline. What went out, when she hung it out and how she hung each item—these things told the block whether she was Quality.

Any homemaker worth her salt used her household linens and clothesline like a public pillory, to prove how hard she worked. White was the only acceptable color for everything because it is the quickest to show dirt and the hardest to get clean. A never-ending battle was waged with soap and blueing, bleach and boiling, starch and the long soak. Something had to give—either the narrow

conventions that had grown up round "white goods"—or the frazzled women-folk.

Women came to their senses as their horizons widened from the traditional hearth, husband and children. Today's young homemaker figures that keeping house the way mother and grandmother did isn't as important as taking an active role in community affairs, or maybe holding a part-time job. The emphasis has changed from following a near-sacred household routine to running a friendly, colorful and peaceful home; from pointless martyrdom to

being a more rested, better companion to husband and children.

Homemakers are looking at household textiles in a new way—as tools to help them get work done, just as they view their electrical appliances. They are quick to accept any new textile idea that promises to lighten the daily round of bed changing, drying dishes, ironing and washing, or to brighten a once drab corner. They are abandoning textiles altogether when something better comes along—cellulose sponges rather than dishcloths, linenlike paper napkins that can be thrown away. They air-dry

dishes to save time and dry pots and pans with paper towels.

The modern mode of living has brought radical changes to the dinner table. Friends are entertained at informal buffet suppers, luncheons, or outdoor barbecues in summer, and the traditional table setting is reserved for a truly formal occasion.

All this is reflected in table linens. While linen damask cloths in classic white are still the aristocrats of dining-table society, like other bluebloods their ranks are thinning. Smaller linen cloths, often in pale tones of gold, pink or ice blue are more popular with today's young married couples. As a contemporary background for modern pottery they choose homespun in decorator colors or bright preshrunk cotton plaids and prints.

Tablecloths and napkins, long considered one-color sets, are now sold separately so you can start with a basic cloth, then mix or match the napkins—say a dark brown cloth varied with napkins in fir green, beige or yellow.

Because it can be spot-washed, and needs little ironing, lace remains a favorite, though it too is taking to modern dress. Manufacturers are introducing crisp block designs in two-tone effects, as well as pale shades like green and daffodil.

Printed plastic tablecloths have captured such a portion of the popular-price field that one department manager admits, "We keep 'em at the far corner of this department—well away from our fabric cloths."

Wrought-iron glass-topped tables have increased the popularity of table mats, which are colorful and easy to launder. Many working wives and busy mothers ("My seven-year-old can't manage a tablecloth, but he can set a table with place mats") use these timesavers on a three-meals-a-day basis. Materials range from fabric weaves to rubber or bamboo. Plastics are grained to resemble linen, have the woven look of homespun, or a delicate lacelike design. Fingertip terry towels make good washable place mats, too.

Little of this conforms to the old idea, enshrined in books on etiquette, of what is Done and Not Done. Even though we may wish to enjoy entertaining with damask and candlelight, we are forced to compromise—in some ways we choose to compromise—and these new ideas in table linens help us to do it graciously.

New ideas in color and textiles are changing today's bathroom, too. The white roll towel behind the bathroom door has blossomed like Cinderella. Terry bath, hand and fingertip towels and washcloths now come in checks and solids, smart stripes, florals and modern sculptured effects as well as tartans that would make a Scotsman pale. Towels bloom with color—one line boasts twenty co-ordinated shades.

However, note that while color gladdens the eye, when washday rolls around it can add to instead of lightening the household work. Some of the new deep-toned towels, washcloths, spreads and tablecloths are not colorfast and require special handling—or in other cases contain so much dye that some of it is bound to rinse out in the first few washes.

Other new cotton terry-cloth bathroom accessories are coming in, refinements on the humble washcloth. One

is a slip-on mitt, another a length of terry cloth with a handhold at each end for businesslike back scrubbing.

Automatic dishwashers may put kitchen towels out of business; but that day is still far off. Colorful kitchen towels are available in Irish natural linen, in cotton, rayon and linen blends. Solid blues and greens are appearing alongside the novelty patterns and familiar stripe-on-white.

A real innovation in household textiles, which has resulted from the urgent

demand for timesavers and short cuts, is the contour sheet. The mitred corners fit tight and smooth over the mattress, so the sheet can't rumple or pull out. It requires neither retucking nor ironing. When putting a contour sheet on the bed, start at the bottom corners pulling it hard (it's reinforced), then fit one top corner, then the other. That's all you do until it's time to put the sheet in the wash. Contour sheets are preshrunk for lasting fit and cost about the same as regular sheets.

Contour crib sheets have a special safety note, for a restless baby cannot get tangled in the snug-fitting sheet.

Plain white sheets are still sold in volume. But the modern housewife finds it fun to add a touch of glamour by selecting pastels in peach, pink, yellow, blue or green even though color is slightly more expensive. One silver-haired woman who bought two pairs of sheets in soft pink confided to the salesclerk, "I paid a sick call the other day on a friend who is older than I am—but,

"Close the windows, dear

...this is
FLO-GLAZE ODORLESS!

1,322 beautiful COLORIZER shades to choose from!

Something terrific has happened to wonderful, oil-base, Flo-glaze paints with "magic" Alkyd. Thanks to an exclusive new formulation they're all free of annoying "painty" fumes. No need to leave windows open . . . or to plan dinner out! And odorless Flo-glaze Colorizer comes to you at no extra cost!

Choose From 270 Greens Alone! Imagine! Now you can match that subtle shade . . . without the expense of a decorator. Better yet, there's no wasteful, messy, hit-or-miss mixing with Flo-glaze.

FLO-GLAZE Colorizer Paints Have 8 Different Finishes. Yes, any of the 1,322 colors come in the very finish you want . . . from flat to high gloss . . . for walls, ceilings, woodwork, furniture, or exterior work. If you wish, use the same color in different finishes—they'll match exactly.

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Flo-glaze Colorizer
ODORLESS ALKYD
PAINTS

The Imperial Varnish and Color Co. Limited, 6 Morse St., Toronto

would you believe it, even with the 'flu she looked young. I finally realized it was the new pink sheets and pillowcases on her bed that made her look so lovely. That's for me!"

Most homemakers now buy pillowcases to match sheets. One Canadian company is making one-hundred-percent nylon pillowcases in a variety of pastels. Nylon is the material, too, in a new pillow protector which zips on, keeps a pillow fresh under the pillowcase.

And consider the foamed latex rubber pillow. Three years ago it was little known in Canada; today, however, the majority of all pillows sold are foamed latex. They are cool and allergy-free, and do not need everlasting plumping up. One type is gently contoured, with a high head-rest on one edge, low on the other. But be forewarned—it may look awkward in a standard pillowcase or under a bedspread. When you wash a foamed latex pillow leave it in the case since it is easier to manage and the case protects the latex from undue strain.

Just introduced in Canada is a Dacron-filled pillow. Dacron is one of the new miracle test-tube fibres, cloud-soft and nonmatting. The pillow

is resilient, dustless and odorless too.

For the reading-in-bed addict or the invalid, triangular head-rest pillows provide solid comfort. New and attractive is the chaisette, which sits at the head of the bed. As the name implies (once you wring all the French out of it), this is the top of a bedroom chair, a back with arms, covered in gay chintz with elasticized side pockets to hold medicine or reading glasses.

Fashion is changing in blankets, too, with Canadian manufacturers offering new shades in cotton and wool blankets to match or blend with your pastel sheets. One blanket sales representative predicts that within a few years the all-white blanket will disappear from the stores: "Women have discovered the lift a colored blanket gives a room—and it doesn't need such frequent washing."

Big news, though not yet available generally, is the blanket made of test-tube fibres, like Acrilan or Dynel. Such a blanket is exactly the same size after washing as before, doesn't have to be stored away because moths cannot harm it, and is fire-resistant.

Wired for warmth, the electric blanket, while it hasn't become a volume seller, has won real enthusiasts. The electric

blanket is thermostatically controlled. It heats only when room temperature drops sufficiently to cause the heating element in the blanket to come on. Some electric blankets are equipped with separate controls for the two halves of the blanket, for those Jack Spratt couples who can't agree on temperature. (Incidentally major demand in Canada is for bedding to fit the double bed; biggest demand across the border is for twin-bed size bedding.)

Maybe the cries of warning from marriage counselors about overly feminine master bedrooms have had some effect. Anyway, the heavily embroidered and decorated satins and organdies that were the bedspreads of a few years back seem to have gone out of fashion. Today's favorite is a more tailored, practical spread that, while it may look feminine, still suggests there's a man around the house.

The main reason for the overwhelming popularity of chenille and homespun types is their washability and the fact they need no ironing. Other choices are chintz, preshrunk washable cotton denim, rayon and seersucker. Those with special quilting effects or finishes (and they seem on the increase) carry

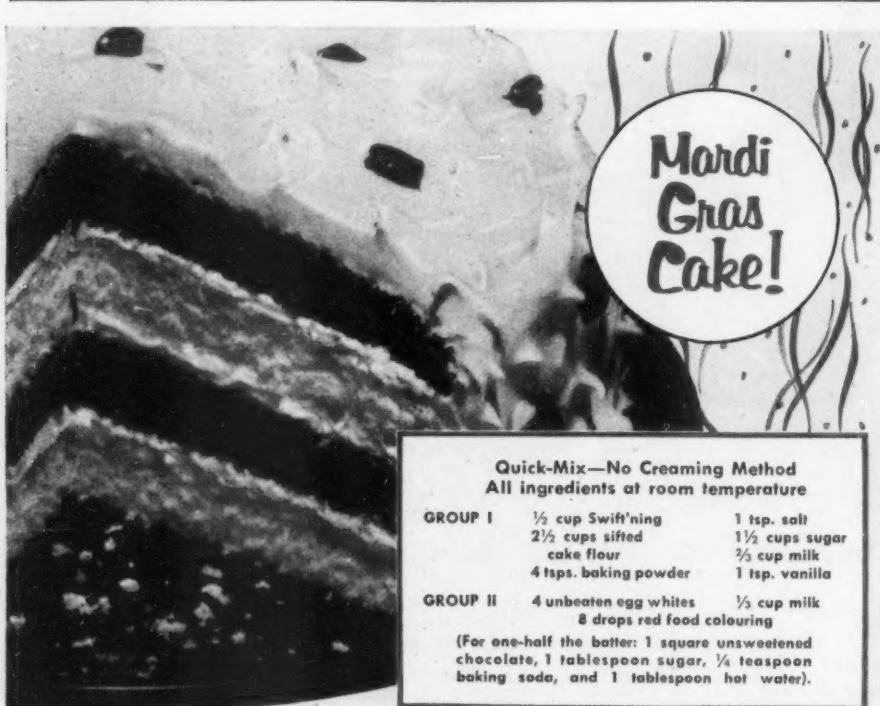
if you prefer, an extra matching bedspread can be made into curtains that need no lining and, if you choose a washable fabric, can be kept soap-and-water clean.

Many young homemakers with little time but with a desire to get a touch of individuality into their homes have discovered gay tea towels make inexpensive kitchen curtains, and a red check tablecloth livens up a black-and-white bathroom. We'll never drape the entire house in household textiles, but we do appreciate the time saved in sewing, and the fact that city dust and Junior's peanut-butter sandwich are no disaster to them. When they do soil, they can be washed.

All of these new textiles came into being because homemakers have demanded timesaving, work-saving aids to help them through their work and on to something else. And most of them wash like a dream. +

Next month:

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING takes a look at what's happening to wall coverings.



Mardi Gras Cake!

Quick-Mix—No Creaming Method
All ingredients at room temperature

GROUP I	½ cup Swift's	1 tsp. salt
	2½ cups sifted cake flour	1½ cups sugar
	4 tps. baking powder	¾ cup milk
		1 tsp. vanilla
GROUP II	4 unbeaten egg whites	½ cup milk
	8 drops red food coloring	

(For one-half the batter: 1 square unsweetened chocolate, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon baking soda, and 1 tablespoon hot water).

Luscious layers of pink and chocolate cake, ribboned and rippled with festive cherry frosting! Sounds good—looks good—and I'm going to tell you how to make sure your Mardi Gras Cake is the highest, lightest, finest-textured cake you ever baked! Just follow my simple Swift's "No Creaming" method. Swift's is made especially for this quick, new one-bowl method.

Now let's get cooking! First place Swift's in a bowl, then sift in dry ingredients. Add ¾ cup milk and vanilla. Beat 2 minutes on medium speed of electric mixer, or by hand using 150 strokes per minute. Add Group II, beat for 2 more minutes. Divide batter in two equal parts. Prepare two 9-inch layer cake pans. Pour pink batter into one layer cake pan. To remaining batter add melted cooled chocolate and sugar and baking soda dissolved in water. Stir to blend. Pour in second layer cake pan. Bake

about 25 minutes in a moderate oven (375°F). When cakes are cool, split each layer with a sharp knife. Frost and fill alternate layers with Marshmallow Icing, tinted pink with red food coloring. For a gala effect, decorate top and sides of cake with pieces of maraschino cherry. I know your family will want you to bake this delicious Mardi Gras cake soon! But don't risk a failure. Be sure to use Swift's.



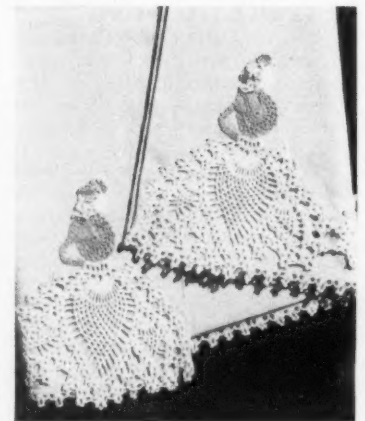
Martha Logan

instructions on washing or dry-cleaning on the label. It's up to the homemaker to decide if she can stand the fuss and big cleaning bills.

There is a trend to carry your chosen decorating colors right through all your linens. Today's small house or apartment can appear larger if you unify the bathroom and adjoining bedrooms with a smooth flow of color through towels and sheets, bedspreads and drapes, blankets and bathmats.

Color harmony is also achieved in another fashion—an old one, really, brought up to date. Cut dust ruffles, drapes, slipcovers and pillow shams from regular pastel sheets like those chosen for your beds. Figuring that a double-bed sheet contains about seven yards, decorators illustrate how five of these in, say, pale green can transform a teen-ager's bedroom with flounced spread, window draperies, a valance and a vanity skirt. Variety comes with hand touches like white eyelet trim, cotton fringe, or rows of colored rickrack from the dime store.

As you might expect, the trend to match things up has brought smarter versions of ready-made bedspreads and matching drapes. Or,



THE LADY OF THE CASE

Crochet these exciting pillowcases in white or in colors that will match your room. Included is the ever-popular pineapple design and a dainty crinoline lady. We supply the tubular pillow cotton (size 42 in. x 33 in.) along with complete instructions for both designs. Price is \$2.00 per pair. Order No. C118.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark, Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto.



DID YOU HEAR WHAT BETTY MALLORY DID?

Continued from page 11

Betty murmured. "I'll bet the poor duck's thirsty. I'll give him a drink." But instead, recalling the stern instruction given to the mothers whose children were privileged to attend this school, she corrected herself and said, louder, with hopeful gaiety, "No—one of you children—who wants to give Quak-Quak a drink?"

She realized no one was even listening. Susan pulled a wagon and Mark poured water on his feet and Betty's own Jerry and Linda hung on the monkey bars. Only Henry was even near Betty, and Henry, after nearly a school year here, five mornings a week, was still, as the nursery director carefully put it, "Slowly orienting."

Henry was not quite five years old, but Betty was afraid of him. She said, a tense octave higher, "Oh, Henry! How about Henry, wouldn't he like to help me give Quak-Quak some water?"

He only looked at her, coldly, scornfully.

She had sounded ridiculous, even to herself. But she babbled, "Hen-ry? Won't—?"

"No," said Henry. "You silly thing!" And walked away.

So Betty got the water. She put it in a paper cup. Then she knelt down and stroked the downy cream-colored head.

Kneeling there, she could try to control the shame and humiliation she felt. Not for this one thing—not because of the rudeness of one unhappy child—but because in that one encounter Betty Mallory had suddenly recognized the culmination of many like failures. Her hesitant voice had proffered—oh, not just to get water for a duck to drink but, over the years, love, assistance, friendship. And when the rebuffs had come, Betty realized she had always felt as helpless, as baffled, as with that little boy.

Any of the other women there, she thought, would have known the quick gay thing to say, the real laugh to give, or even the right-timed stern word of command that would have made everything all right.

Darkest of all, Betty knew that, in a way, she had really expected nothing else. The foreknowledge of failure had squeaked in her voice the moment she spoke to Henry.

Once there had been at least the sense of gratitude if things did go well. When Gordon had asked her to marry him: *Me—and Gordo! How lucky I am that he should want me.*

When the children came, just a year apart: *So much to do. But a boy—and now a girl. And well, and strong. How lucky I am, to have them so wonderful.*

When Gordon got the really big promotion and they could buy the house in the hills, not too far from the city: *How lucky we are. All he's ever wanted.*

"All he's ever wanted . . ." And that's where she had first pulled up short. It was not where the awful sense of her own personal inadequacy had begun, but it was where she had finally expressed it: "I don't want it. I'll never be able to do it. I'll never be able to fit in. Look at all the wives who couldn't keep up with their husbands."

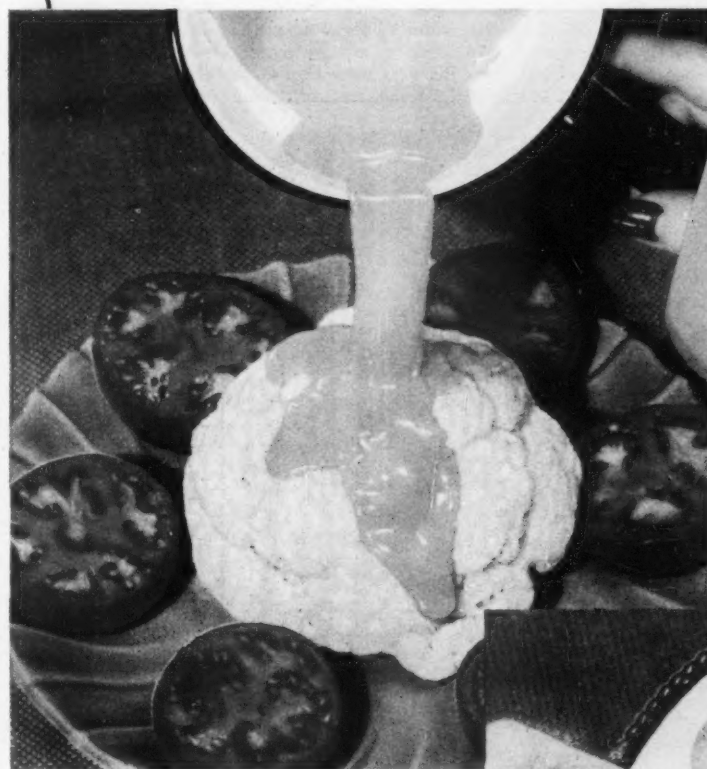
NEW TIMESAVER!

Kraft's Cheez Whiz

IT'S ALL READY FOR DOZENS OF CHEESE TREATS...FAST!

Heat it...

Get grand cheese sauce jiffy-quick! A very few minutes in a saucepan over very low heat (or in a double boiler) and Cheez Whiz becomes glorious cheese sauce. Perfect for glamorizing vegetables, eggs, rice, seafood. You'll dip into that jar of golden goodness many times a week! Ask your grocer for Cheez Whiz, in the jar that Kraft has vacuum-sealed for freshness.



Use it right from the jar!
It's creamy-thick! Different from anything you've ever had!

Spread it...

You have wonderful snacks fast! Hot snacks, cold snacks, plain or toasted sandwiches—you'll make 'em at a moment's notice, with wonderful Cheez Whiz! It's the brand new kind of pasteurized process cheese from the Kraft Kitchen... all ready to spread, right from the jar. You'll love Cheez Whiz just spread on crackers. And the folks will really go for that rich, tantalizing cheddar cheese flavor.

Cheeseburgers Pronto!

Pour hot Cheez Whiz over sizzling hot hamburgers. Then taste that creamy-rich cheese flavor.

Cheez Whiz Rabbit

Pour hot Cheez Whiz sauce over toast triangles. Top with crisp bacon. Great for lunch or supper.



There in the pitiless playground light Betty Mallory saw that she had been afraid of losing Gordon—and already steeling herself for the desolation when he left, or when he sent her away; that she had been afraid, seeing her children change from docile babies into whimsical personalities, that they, too, were now merely tolerating and soon would be, also, contemptuous.

Some women suffering from this withering of the ego turn to alcohol and some to polishing furniture and some to beauty shops and others to psychoanalysts. Betty Mallory had merely blundered along every day, doing her housework only adequately, cooking average meals, dressing modestly. Five mornings a week she had been taking her children to the play school and once a week served her turn there as helper (plus an amazingly large number of substitutions because she could not think how to refuse with poise). She had spoken meekly to her tanned, station-wagoned neighbors at the supermarket, appeared ghostlike at the parties they invited Gordon to, and on Sundays had gone to church. At church she had moved her lips soundlessly during the hymns, and during the

prayers she had never been able to put all her fears into words and could merely whisper, heartfelt, inside, "Oh, God—I" and hope He would understand the desperation she did not quite understand herself.

The only time, Betty Mallory realized, she ever felt genuine relief from her feelings of helpless failure was when she drove her car. She was an excellent driver, alert, sensitive to the car itself, courteous to other drivers.

As soon as she had put Jerry and Linda in the back seat of the car that morning and slipped behind the wheel, she had felt better. She drove a low-priced sedan, and Gordon commuted to the city in a convertible. Unlike many women, Betty watched the welfare of her car herself. She kept the gas tank well filled, knew what weight oil the motor needed, and considered that people who rode the clutch were comparable to those who enjoy teasing little children.

The Mallorys' house was about three miles back from a four-lane highway that led into the city. The little wide-street white stucco town where the children went to school and where Betty

marketed was bisected by the busy freeway and was about a mile from the junction with the quiet lane to their house.

Most of their acquaintances loathed the freeway like a personal enemy. They complained of the speeding, they spoke with horror of the terrible week end accidents on it, they shook their heads over the thousands of cars and trucks that raced along it through the gentle hills. But Betty liked the challenge of the great road. She liked driving, no smaller, no bigger, in the throng of silver beetles. The road was clearly marked for speed limits—she observed them to the exact point on her speedometer. There were signs for curves and signs for caution and signs warning of signals ahead, and they were placed to be noted and obeyed for what they said that time, there. Then the road was as easy to manipulate as a piece of satin ribbon dotted with sequins.

Betty Mallory drove with both hands on the wheel, at ten and two o'clock, and her window down for quick signaling; she watched the rear-view mirror to know what was behind her and she always kept a good safe distance between her car and that ahead. When she saw the police cars patrolling or parked along the freeway, she saw them as friends and peers. When the mad convertibles squealed past her or tense men in big cars raced in and out, brake lights flashing, or timid women crept along by the shoulder, she felt her rarest emotion, a sense of quiet superiority.

That Friday she drove carefully through the little community to the edge of the freeway. The highway roared with hurry.

Betty waited. She had to cross two lanes in front of oncoming traffic, to turn left and join the flow on the opposite side of the road. At last, the stream ebbed, and she could swing across and turn. There were cars hurrying behind her, though, and she was unable to get immediately into the far right lane on her thoroughfare. She moved forward in the speed lane, by the centre stripe, driving carefully but neatly. It was a twenty-five-mile zone, and she drove exactly twenty-five miles an hour.

A car hastened by her on her right. She saw there was another, close behind it. As soon as the second passed, she would be free to move on over out of the "passing" lane.

But the second car

did not pass. It hovered there, just off her car's right fender, too close for her to pull over in front and permit it to pass her on the left. Its horn honked impatiently. Betty saw that the car was enormous, new, expensive, and driven by a man. He was, although she did not know it then, J. Bowman Crosley. He honked again.

Betty put out her hand to signal for a right turn, and also clicked on her turn-indicator light, hoping he would then slow up enough to permit her to pull over for him, since he appeared determined to pass her on the left. But instead he honked again, then suddenly raced past her on her right after all, yelling something obscene at her as he passed.

At last she was free to get over to the right lane. She watched the other car pull ahead of her and realized with slow anger that he must be doing double the speed limit.

But within a quarter of a mile, without any hand signal, the other car suddenly hesitated at the entrance to a drive-in restaurant and stopped directly on the highway. When Betty Mallory drove beside him, the man opened his car door so suddenly that—although she had slowed just in case he might do such a thing—she had to swerve out quickly.

She turned to glance at him, curious to see what manner of human this could be, just in time to glimpse a tanned, angry face and hear him yell, with curses, "**** woman driver! If you got to crawl along the road, get over on the right side to do it!"

He was a large man dressed in sport shirt and slacks, hatless, with dark glasses. He was cocoa-tanned and had a rakish mustache. His car suited him. It looked sporty and indulged, like himself.

"Woman driver!" he had called her, with all the contempt the term has come to hold. He had called her more than that, she remembered as she drove on, her throat swelling with pain and outrage. If Gordo had been there, he'd have gone back and slugged him—or would he? Would Gordon care, any more?

Up ahead there was a shopping centre, a series of small, smart shops and a large supermarket set in the shape of a U around a parking plaza off the highway. While the children chirped, "Where we going, Mommy? What're we going here for, Mommy?" Betty swung into the plaza. She did not answer; she hardly heard them. When she stopped the car, Jerry tried again: "Mommy, what are you gonna get? Can I get some bubble gum?"

"I'm going to get that policeman," Betty Mallory said evenly.

She left behind her a carload of paralyzed silence.

Whether she had known when she turned into the plaza that she would get a policeman, or whether the words popped out when she did see him, she never really could say, later. But there he was, directing the Friday shoppers in and out of the supermarket's parking lot. He was hot, busy, whistling, and enormously tall.

Betty Mallory would ordinarily have slipped forward, hesitated until he condescended to look at her, and then have whispered so low he'd have had to stoop



The nicest towels you ever used

Tender young skins are particularly partial to the soft absorbency of Lady Galt Towels . . . no rough, scratchy impurities in their 100% pure cotton fabric. And the bewitching colours and gay designs in Galt's strong, long-wearing weave, lend a touch of lively beauty to your bathroom.



to hear. But instead she marched out, a foot in front of a squealing truck, and snapped in a voice as throaty and compelling as a television mistress of ceremonies: "I want to make a complaint!"

He jerked, thrust out his hands toward all traffic, and then waited tensely, a hand actually on the butt of his gun. "Somebody snatch your purse, ma'am?"

"No," said Betty Mallory. "A man yelled at me when I was driving." Around her there circled a small ripple of laughter, from the shoppers who had paused curiously, and the ripple enlarged into waves back among the cars. It was a withering, deprecating snicker.

Color swept into Betty's face and she felt her eyes stinging, but she straightened her back and peered fiercely up at the policeman.

He had begun a mollifying, "Well, now, lady—" but her expression stopped him. He said, "Just what happened, lady?"

She told him, firm, concise, and furious.

The big cop hesitated. He was getting a traffic jam by now. He said, with hope, "Well, ma'am, since there wasn't no harm done—why'n't you just forget it? It happens all the time and it's a shame and prob'ly he's got a wife would be awful embarrassed to think he'd talk to a lady like that, but there's no harm done—"

"But there is harm done," Betty Mallory said. "I was unreasonably insulted. I broke no law. I am a good driver; sex has nothing to do with it. I want to file a complaint against that man—isn't there something like—well, using abusive and obscene language?"

"Well—I can't—I'm tied up here—I don't know—you got his name and license number?"

"No."

Again the little wave of laughter rippled up.

"Well, lady," the cop said, enormously relieved, "I can't help you, then. You get his name and number, then you go to Judge Johnson, in magistrate's court, he might take care of it if he thinks he ought. But I can't help you, you don't even know his name or number." He began to signal the cars again, dismissing her.

Betty Mallory turned and went back to her car. The people on the sidewalks looked at her with idle amusement and curiosity. Oddly, Betty noticed that more women than men seemed resentful or superiorly mocking. Only one person, a fat pasty-faced man with horn-rimmed glasses, seemed genuinely interested.

The highway was more jammed than ever. Betty Mallory drove back the way she had come. A small, scared voice behind her whispered: "Where we going now, Mommy?"

"Back," she said tersely.

The car, she saw with a certain chill pleasure, had pulled in at the restaurant. She drove on to a cross road and achieved eventually the other side of the freeway and started back to the drive-in. But just as she turned in and stopped, she saw the car pulling out onto the highway again.

Betty was able to read his number, but not to follow him, for another car came from behind and parked in front of her. She felt weak with disappoint-

ment, but still not daunted. Repeating the license number to remember it, she fumbled in her purse for a pencil. Then a voice said, "Was that the car? Did you get his number? Want to borrow a pencil?"

Betty looked up and saw the moon-faced man who had seemed so interested in her at the shopping centre. "Yes," she said, "I got it—but I couldn't get his name." It did not occur to her, at once, that this man must have followed her.

"I can tell you—if you're still interested," he said. "He's Beau Crosley. In fact, to be exact—which is my business—he's J. Bowman Crosley. He's owner of that big mill on the freeway just this side of the cut-off for the bridge into town."

"Let me have your pencil," Betty Mallory said curtly. "I'll write that down, and his number, too." All her life she had been the type that says thank-you even when handing over the money for a purchase, but now all she said was, "You're sure you know who he is?"

"Oh, sure. I covered him, when they had the strike there; he had a press conference on the management's side. You see, ma'am (I didn't get your name), I'm a correspondent for the City Courier."

"Yes, that's lovely," Betty interrupted. "I have to go after him. If you'll move your car—"

He stood studying her and merely said, undismayed by her rudeness, "Why not go straight to the judge?"

"Well, I am! I won't let him get away with this, that Crosley. He's a menace!"

"Then I'll just follow along," the man said hopefully. "May be a little item; I get paid by the inch, you know. If you could give me your name and address, Mrs.—?"

The chilling impact of his words reached her slowly... A story. In the paper. My name and address! What would Gordo say? What would everybody think!

There was still time to give the whole thing up. But instead: "I'm Mrs. Gordon Mallory," Betty said clearly, and gave him the address. Because her qualms had been succeeded by the oddest free feeling she had ever known: *I don't care what Gordon, what anyone thinks. Not about this. Because I am right, and that's all that matters.*

Still, she did care what her husband thought. She cared intensely, believing his attitude might indicate what he really felt for her. And when Gordon came home that night Betty met him with a subdued excitement she had not achieved since their honeymoon days. But Gordon, tossing his hat on a chair and taking the folded evening paper from the hall table, did not notice.

If some one had asked him, just then, point-blank, what his emotions were toward his wife, he would—in the moment before feeling insulted—have barked like a horse at an Irish bank. How did he think about her? He was a busy, prospering young man, and in those three adjectives lies the clue: for a long time, Gordon Mallory had hardly thought about his wife at all.

In fact, her picture in the newspaper looked up at him for some seconds while he stared back at it with only a nagging sense of familiarity.



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"Gordo," Betty said, "Something happened today that I—" "Eliz-a-beth Mal-lor-y," Gordon said. "You!" He pointed rigidly at her photograph. "In the paper?"—a rising note of incredulity.

"Oh, my goodness," she said peering over his shoulder. "A picture! It's that picture when I was sponsor for the hospital's benefit show. That time they promised I wouldn't have to do anything but pay my money..." Impulsively she took the newspaper from Gordon and began to read the story, took it from his hands while he still stood there holding and staring at nothing. Usually she excused herself if she even walked across the room from him. Now, he tried to crane over her shoulder.

After reading only the headline, Betty Mallory murmured to her husband: "I don't—think—you're going to like this, Gordon!"

**SAYS SEX IRRELEVANT;
CALLED "WOMAN DRIVER,"
SOCIALITE CLAIMS INSULT**

The enormity of what she had done was there now, in black and white. And a picture. A picture not captioned, "Mrs. Gordon Mallory" with reassuring identification with her husband, but, baldly, "Elizabeth Mallory." Talking to that newspaperman she had thought, "a little paragraph somewhere, like for a false-alarm fire..." Instead, she read:

A citizen's complaint was filed today by socialite Mrs. Gordon Mallory of Glendale against J. Bowman Crosley, prominent manufacturer whose home also is in Glendale, charging him with disturbance of the peace for criticizing her driving. She told Judge Humbert Johnson, in magistrate's court, that Crosley had called her a "woman driver."

"It's mistaken identity, they've got somebody else's name confused," Gordon babbled. "I'll sue them—"

"No—it's me all right," his wife answered. She read on:

On learning it might be a fine point of law whether such a term as "woman driver" is insulting, Mrs. Mallory charged that Crosley had also used "some adjectives" along with the term.

Judge Johnson then issued a warrant specifically charging Crosley with disturbance of the peace for "cursing in the presence of a woman."

Crosley could not be reached for comment immediately. He will be arraigned Monday.

"Betty," Gordon said. "Were you out of your mind, doing such a thing? Are you sure it was him? Crosley is an important man! I'll be sued for false arrest! It may hurt my job! You'll make me the laughing stock—OH, NO!" This was as he read on:

"Sex," Mrs. Mallory said, "is irrelevant in driving a car."

She filed the complaint after an altercation on the freeway near Glendale. She is the wife of prominent corporation officer Gordon Mallory... mother of two children... active in charity work and in socialite groups...

"That's not so," Betty said. "I never do any charity work. Socialite, phooey."

Most people around here don't even know I'm alive." The superior, derisive, class-angled tone of the story was beginning to hurt like a deep, hard bruise. She had said, "Sex is irrelevant," and the story said, "Sex," Mrs. Mallory said, "is irrelevant," and the point of it all—"in driving a car"—was twisted then somehow and smeared in a headline—into something leering and naked, like the sidewalk posters for a mainstream night club.

And Gordon had turned quite white and very stern about the mouth. He had glanced quickly through the rest of the story and now he began to read it slowly aloud, painfully as a child that must memorize something:

"I am filing this complaint," Mrs. Mallory told a local reporter, "on behalf of all other women drivers who are sick and tired of being insulted and maligned without just cause."

"The accident rate on the highways of our country is a national scandal," she said. "The blame falls on teen-agers and so-called 'woman drivers.' I assert it is the boors and vulgarities, the egotists and the rule-scoffers, who should be caught and punished."

"They may not have had their accident yet, but each of these people is as potentially dangerous as a loaded gun in the hands of children!"

The old familiar sense of having been a fool and a fall-guy, prodded until she ran head-on into a wall, surged up in Betty Mallory. In shaking humiliation, she tried for the light touch: "I didn't know I knew such b-big words."

And failed. "I didn't either," Gordon said soberly. And that was all he said. He took the paper and read the story through carefully again. Then he simply stood, holding it, and stared at the floor.

After a while, she said miserably,

"You know, we're supposed to go to dinner at the Vales'—" She wished he'd comfort her; promise to endure with her. But even if he had raged, Betty thought, it would be better than this queer silence, the sidelong looks that broke out, now and then, of his frozen withdrawal.

But they dressed wordlessly for the party. Betty did not know what to wear, and did not care, and consequently without even trying achieved for once the look of unstudied suburban casualness she had always helplessly envied in the other women.

Occasionally she gave Gordon a quick, wishful look; then he would hastily stop staring at her. He had always given the directions to their sitter, but that Friday night he was mute and Betty gave the orders.

I've lost him, she thought on their way to the party. He's so furious he can't even talk. If I had asked him to forgive...

An old habit slips on like an old girdle. How easy to slump into it again. To beg, crawl, apologize... But how can you be forgiven for something that's right? Told wrong, handled wrong, maybe, but still basically right?

It was the first time in her life that Betty Mallory had ever stopped a party cold on her entrance. Everyone at the bright tables on the terrace by the Vales' blue swimming pool stopped talking and stared. And their hostess approached them at a near canter.

"Betty! Gordon! I'm so glad to see you." Always before Elsie Vale had named Gordon first, acknowledging Betty as an afterthought. But now, "I'm so glad to see you, but—oh, dear, I tried to phone you—" her voice began to trail off in breathless embarrassment—"you see, he's here—our guest of honor—B-Beau Crosley!"

Betty's leaden heart seemed to get even heavier and then dissolve into a terrible weakness in her knees and arms. He was there. With a drink in his hand. It was obviously not his first. Crosley was glaring at her with purple challenge.

She wondered whether this was what it felt like, before you fainted. But then Gordon put his hand upon her arm, with steady reassurance. She glanced up at him; his eyes were tender and his stance was militant. And then Betty Mallory looked direct at J. Bowman Crosley and she saw that his flush darkened, but his eyes could not meet hers.

She walked past him as if he weren't there and went over to the other women and began to make the idle, bright chatter she had for so many years admired in others and thought she could never manage herself. All she had needed, Betty realized, was a heady detachment and the feeling of her husband's warm encouraging hand upon her arm.

Crosley was stung by the cut. He planted himself in front of Gordon and said, "So you're Mallory. Why don't you teach that wife of yours to drive?"

"My wife," said Gordon Mallory, "could give us both lessons."

"Oh, dear—boys—" said Mrs. Vale.

"If you have any other comments to make about my wife," Gordon went on quietly, "you may attempt to make them now and I will be happy to push you in the swimming pool. I believe a little water would do you good. Or, if you prefer, Crosley, we can go out to the driveway and settle this like men—or do you pick all your fights with helpless women?"

"Helpless!" grunted Crosley. "That little—" and then, as Gordon's fists tightened, he edged a table before him and said instead, "Oh, I'll fight. You'll see about that! I've seen my lawyer. I'll fight to the supreme court if I have to. But I don't intend to stay here and be insulted now!"

It was full retreat. In the loneliness of victory two people looked at each other and saluted with their eyes. Then, watching Crosley go, Betty murmured, "He's in no condition to drive." But she was really relishing the flood of happiness a look from her husband could give her.

"He certainly backed down when you faced up to him, Gordie old man," one of the men said.

"Didn't expect to see that," their own host said. "He came here on the defensive, and then we all really got him sore because we wouldn't take his side. Too many of us have had to suffer through a drive with Beau."

"Really, Betty, I was so proud of you tonight when I read the paper," one of the women cried. "That took real courage. I never thought you—ah—still waters do run deep, don't they?"

"It's time somebody gave more than lip service to women drivers—" a voice began, but was lost in laughter.

Later, though, someone did ask seriously, "Do you really think he'll fight in court?"

"I couldn't say," Betty Mallory replied calmly, "but Gordon and I can take care of him." And she looked up, radiantly, to thrill again at seeing her husband watch her with pride.

Actually, the case became even more of a cause célèbre, but not in court as expected. For the next day,



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Saturday, returning from a golf game Beau Crosley was hospitalized after an ignominious rear-end collision on the freeway not far from where he had first encountered Betty Mallory. He had stalled his car in the passing lane and was hit from the rear by a milk truck. Traffic officers said he had stalled his motor and then flooded it trying to bully it into starting. The newspapers reported he was "alleged to have been drinking."

As inconspicuously as possible, his lawyer appeared at the arraignment on Betty's complaint and submitted a guilty plea on his behalf to the judge and ineffective pleas for masculine solidarity to the fourth estate. Crosley himself had nothing to say for once. His jaw had met something bigger and harder on his de luxe dashboard and was now wired shut, so to remain for some weeks.

His dilemma was first reported by the tabloids with boisterous irreverence. But in the next week at least two of the more civic-minded newspapers editorialized, quoting one Elizabeth Mallory:

"It is the boors and vulgarians, the egotists and the rule-scoffers, who should be caught and punished. They may not have had their accident yet, but each of these people is as potentially dangerous as a loaded gun in the hands of children!"

Then the ironical follow-up of the first mocking newspaper story about Betty was told in four bullet-worded paragraphs in a national news weekly

and was commented upon by at least eleven radio pundits, and columnists—humorous, grave, daily and weekly. Ministers in churches from coast to coast found sermon topics. Also resolutions commending Mrs. Mallory's stand have been passed by two national women's clubs and a local business women's organization has voted her an honorary member.

In one week alone recently Betty Mallory spoke at two men's luncheon clubs and addressed three high-school assemblies on "The Manners of the Man." There are so many social invitations—"and Gordon, too, of course, darling." And Gordon has developed the frequent custom of having her come in to the city to meet him for lunch or dinner—"I enjoy your company, sweetheart."

But perhaps the change is not so marked in Betty Mallory as people would think. Even though she must entertain in kind, even though a national women's magazine is interviewing her as a featured personality for an article on highway tragedies and women's role in solving them—still, she has time to do her stint at the children's play school.

The director is delighted when she can come. It is quite amazing the touch Betty Mallory has in bringing out the children, particularly the problem ones. Everyone says it is just marvelous what she has accomplished with that stiff, frozen, resentful, difficult boy, Henry. She's so—understanding. ♦

back in the store room still stood in its hundred-pound sacks.

About noon farm customers began drifting in. Those who knew my father and mother and their hospitable ways came prepared to stay for dinner. Our house adjoined the store, which was operated in conjunction with a grist mill and a saw mill, and when family and staff sat down to noonday dinner there were always twenty-three or so to feed anyway.

All afternoon the barter went on in the store, sides of bacon and firkins of farm-churned butter to be traded against sugar, tea, flour, raisins, binder twine and horse liniment. But Saturday night was the grand climax.

For us children those magic evening hours were always preceded by the humiliation of having eldest brother Bruce call us all in from where we played beside the store to have our weekly bath. Passing villagers hugely enjoyed seeing the seven of us parade into the house on such occasions, and the whole town called Saturday "Scotts' tub night."

Mother started heating buckets of soft water on the stove in early afternoon. When bathtime arrived the big tin washtub was filled and the water was never changed between baths, but merely added to. One after the other we were soused, tubbed, scrubbed and put to bed, starting with the baby and working up. The older boys who were already big enough to help in the store got dressed again and even Mother (too busy housekeeping the rest of the week) was pressed into saleswoman service on Saturday nights. The rest of us were hurried off to bed and forgotten—but unbeknownst to our busy parents we had our own secret balcony seats for

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BIGGEST NIGHT

Continued from page 9

lodge members straggling past the store on their way to the Masonic Temple. Everybody else was at home.

But Saturday! To the seven sons and daughters of Robert Scott, general merchant, that was the red-letter day in the week. Farm carts and buggies started trundling into town before noon and Saturday afternoon and evening the village had a traffic jam. Father kept the store open other nights until ten o'clock, even if he didn't sell a spool of thread, but Saturday nights it was all he could do to shepherd the customers out by twelve. Then he'd drop the big wooden bar in place across the door, the oil lamps would be blown out quickly before anybody else tried to come in, and the whole family would gather around in the glow of the big wood stove in the middle of the store to discuss the day's trade in farm produce, store merchandise, local news and gossip.

Saturday began bright and early with my father and my brothers giving the whole store the cleaning of its life. Softwood floors were sprinkled with wet sawdust and swept from corner to corner. Bolts of flannelette were evened up from top to bottom with never an edge showing. Boots were pulled out casually from the boxes so that the leather showed glistening and black as ink. (No tan shoes in those days.) Overalls were sorted into their sizes and overcoats were hung carefully on the few scarce hangers. Over on the grocery side the tea was put up in pound bags, brown sugar was weighed out in five-pound bags, but the granulated sugar



the big show that was Saturday night in Beeton.

We snuggled down in bed and closed our eyes until the grown-up footsteps died away on the stairs. Then we scrambled out through a dormer window and up the easy slope of the roof that covered both house and store. Edging forward along the ridgepole we at last clung to the wooden false front which from the street hid the V of the roof, and peered down upon the Saturday night throngs below.

There were no electric lights in Beeton then—no street lights at all—but the soft glow of coal-oil lamps flooded out from every store window up and down the street, to illuminate the exciting scene. In summertime the horses' hoofs sent fine clouds of dust up from the sandy street to make us sneeze. But hour after hour we clung to our perch watching the arrival and departure of buggies and wagons, sleighs and cutters—for in winter we dragged blankets with us onto the roof and squatted there like a row of Indians.

Sedate farmers and their wives would drive up in heavy farm wagons, the backs filled with straw and children, and tie up their teams to hitching posts which bordered the main street—like parking meters do in many cities today. Smart young farmers drove up in buggies with their girl friends—a simple social action but one of great significance in the village. No book of etiquette said a word about it, but the rockbound ritual was this: The young farmer jumped out, wound the reins around the whip holder, walked round to the other side and there like a knight of old handed his lady down from the buggy. This called for a lot of finesse because the little step on which the girl descended was not more than three inches wide. More than that, her skirt was long and cumbersome and to make a dignified descent required all the dignity of which the young lady was capable.

Once on solid ground the pair parted, the lad to meet his pals, his lady love to do her own shopping; then later on they would rendezvous at the buggy and he would drive her home. But once that Saturday-night ceremonial of the ride to town in the buggy had been performed for three weeks hand running he daren't even look at another girl. The lad was as good as married and the banns might just as well have been published there and then.

As long as I live I shall never forget the pride I felt the first time I was allowed to help in the store on Saturday night. First I had to put my younger brother, Walter, and our baby sister, Margaret (the Christmas baby), to bed. I sang to them. I told them stories. And the moment I thought they were asleep I crept off like a mouse, downstairs and into the store.

All the customers recognized that the fifth of the Scott children had graduated to the store, and realizing my ignorance helped me make out their bills. I felt too proud even to be embarrassed. But the most wonderful moment came about ten o'clock on that same summer evening when my mother said, "Now that we're not so busy and the children are asleep, let's go up to Stewarts' and have a dish of ice cream."

I could hardly speak with excitement and the feeling of being grown-up. The Stewarts had the bake shop up the

street and beside the bakery they had set up a little ice-cream parlor with half a dozen tables and those wire-back ice-cream-parlor chairs. All day Saturday they made ice cream with a hand-cranked freezer.

Away went Mother and I with a dime (five cents a dish) and a feeling of a good night's work well done. But when we were halfway there we heard a mad screaming behind us, "Mother, Mother, Katie, Katie." We turned and stared in astonishment and humiliation. Paddling up the street was six-year-old Margaret in her nightgown, wailing forlornly. We never did get that dish of ice cream. Mother went back to the store with her dime. I went back to the house with baby sister, feeling as if she had robbed me of the biggest event of my life.

The country store of that era had a companionable atmosphere this supermarket age can't touch. For instance, my father blended all his own teas with the help of his customers. The tea arrived in huge wicker-covered boxes with the Chinese markings still on them. After a shipment was received my father



would blend and sip and taste by himself, and then gather in all his cronies to test the results. It took just so much green tea, so much black, so much orange pekoe to produce a perfect blend.

Mother kept the kettle boiling all day long at tea-tasting time. In turn she made a dozen different brews and carried a trayful of each into the store. My father, surrounded by the tea connoisseurs, would pass the cups around and sip and taste again himself while waiting for the comments. Looking up at Mother the experts would give their verdict, "Too much green in this one, Anne," or "Not enough black." The tasting and testing would go on for two or three days until my mother was frantic, but it did not stop until Father was completely satisfied. And that mixed tea sold for twenty-five cents a pound.

Our butter trade was conducted on the same close personal basis, only more so, and sometimes called for considerable tact. In those days no farmer's wife put up her butter in pound prints. Instead a wooden firkin—a sort of barrel with straight sides but larger at the top than the bottom—stood in the milk room of the farm house. As each weekly churning was finished the butter was packed on top of last week's churning until the fifty-pound firkin was filled.

Then it was brought in to the store on the family's Saturday visit to town. Father resold most of the butter to city firms so he had to know what he was buying. He tested it by plunging an eighteen-inch steel shaft, shaped like a length of pipe split down the middle, to the bottom of the firkin. When drawn out this brought up a long core of butter containing a sample of each layer.

One of my father's favorite customers was a grey-haired kindly faced woman whose butter was usually excellent. One Saturday Mrs. Fitzgerald (that was not her real name) drove up with half a dozen cockerels, a bag of turnips and a firkin of butter. The chickens were a bit scrawny, the turnips were firm as fall apples, but the acid test was the butter. Halfway down the firkin my father's geiger counter struck a stone. He pulled it out in the storeroom but said nothing to Mrs. Fitzgerald, who was talking to mother in the front, and credited her with the whole fifty pounds at eleven cents a pound.

"Now," said my father, "what would you like in exchange?"

Said Mrs. Fitzgerald, "I need one hundred pounds of granulated sugar, twenty-four yards of white flannelette and three pounds of your best tea, Robert."

Father disappeared discreetly into the storeroom again, where he weighed the stone. Finding it was exactly six pounds, he scooped six pounds of sugar from a bag, inserted the stone and retied the bag. Nothing happened. We never heard of the discrepancy in the sugar bag—and the old friendship was never broken.

During the summer the wholesalers' agents from Toronto would come around to buy the butter and eggs Father had taken in. But in winter the hens stopped laying, cows gave much less milk and the dealers didn't come. Instead, Father would salt and store the butter he bought. Early in the spring off he would go to the city by himself to sell our supply to Joe Flavelle, the really top-notch butter and egg man on Fleet Street who later became Sir Joseph Flavelle, vice-president of Simpson's.

First there would be some shrewd trading and then, to my mother's great relief, Father would come home with all the cash for his two thousand pounds of butter bulging in his pockets.

The way Father handled his cash would shock most storekeepers today, but there was no bank in the village then and business by cheque was almost unknown to us. Father's idea of taking care of the store money was to remove it carefully from the till every night, park it for safekeeping in an old Radway's Ready Relief box and leave the box sitting casually there on his desk where anyone in the world might have stolen it. But no one ever did.

(Incidentally, I can still feel in my throat the red-hot flaming burn of Radway's Ready Relief, the country cure-all of that era. A sick horse? A temperamental cow? A tablespoon each. Baby with colic? A quarter teaspoonful in a cup of milk. A bruised wrist? The drag of a bucksaw across an ankle? Radway's Ready Relief was the answer. You poured it on, you doused it down, or you soaked a cotton rag in it and laid it on an aching tooth and, amazingly, it always seemed to work.)

Father seldom had much cash to

worry about in the store. So much of our business was on credit that occasions would arise when my father would have to get out in the country and try to scrape up some cash. Then he would say to my mother, "I'll need Katie tomorrow to go with me collecting."

Off we'd start at eight o'clock with Father driving a horse and buggy from the livery stable and in his pocket a list of what was owing us. At every farmhouse I would hop out to open and shut the gates, and everywhere the reception we received was as warm as a feather bed. Farmers would rush out and welcome my father, saying "Unharness the horse, Robert. Come on up to the house and have some tea"—or dinner or supper, depending on the time of day. For half an hour beside the kitchen stove the conversation would be warm and friendly. Then my father would try to get down to business.

Father Was Haggard

When we arrived home at night my mother would call eagerly, "How did you get along, Robert?"

And my father, looking proudly at the load in the back of the buggy, would say, "Three bags of potatoes, a ham from the Joneses and . . ."

My mother would look discouraged and ask "Any money, Robert?" Father would stammer apologetically, "You know, Anne, this has been a hard season for the farmers."

But Mother as much as Father kindled to the warmth with which most of our customers conducted their store dealings, and many were the gifts from the heart which came into our home.

One of our good customers, Mrs. Maynard (and that was her real name), settled her bill just once a year and it took a whole day each December. So much salt pork, so many bags of potatoes—all the produce she brought in during the year had to be assessed against the sugar, the tea and the clothing she had purchased on those same calls weeks and months before. After the day's reckoning was over my father was haggard but Mrs. Maynard was as gay as a bird. Her earnings on the farm had paid for all the food she had bought in my father's store.

Then she produced our surprises. A bowl of head cheese for my mother. Russet apples for us. Knitted mittens with all kinds of lovely stitches: it was like a preview of Christmas.

Today, when we rush into the supermarket, grab a cart, shop frantically and pay cash at one of ten efficient checking desks, I often think back on those days of country shopping when a man paid what he could, when he could, and his village storekeeper was content to know that he had done the very best possible under the circumstances.

When my father died he had thousands of dollars owing to him which we were never able to collect. But he was warmly and lovingly remembered by the whole community, and in St. James Parish Church at Colgan, a little Roman Catholic community fourteen miles away, Masses were said and candles were lit for the staunch Irish Presbyterian, Robert Scott, general merchant. ♦

Next Month:

Kate Aitken continues her reminiscences in her third article: *Never Dawned a Day So Bright*.

WE SENT AN EXPERT TO HELP THIS FAMILY

Continued from page 15

then, as they said, property costs in Riverside have doubled if not tripled in the past ten years. "All our spare money has been going into fixing the house up," Russ said, "but what's taking the money now is the car."

He blames himself for that. But most of us have done similar things. Josephine's mother, who is bookkeeper for a car dealer, told them about a small English car that the dealer said he would sell to Russ for \$500.

"I took it out around the country and bounced around in it," Russ told me. "I couldn't see myself in it, and decided I'd wait until I could get a bigger car. Then they brought out a Pontiac and offered it to me for \$1,400. They had allowed \$1,550 on it as a trade-in. It was obviously a good buy. I bought it. I hadn't planned to, but I did. I already owed \$280 to the Teachers' Credit Union, but the treasurer was willing to let me have \$1,500 more for the car. The credit union is wonderful. It charges only six percent a year. But sometimes I almost wish I couldn't go to the union."

Obviously the Woodses are having their troubles. Here's about how they have been spending their money:

ITEMS	\$ PER MONTH
Food.....	75.00
Mortgage Payment.....	55.50
Clothing.....	25.00
Credit Union Payment.....	65.00
House Operation (electricity, water, phone).....	12.00
Car Operation.....	16.00
Personal Allowances.....	14.00
Investment.....	14.30
Heating (coal).....	10.50
Life Insurance.....	6.00
Car Insurance.....	5.00
Home Insurance.....	2.00
Total.....	\$300.30

At first glance Josephine and Russ seem to be just making ends meet, with even a little investment savings building up, plus accumulating retirement pay. But there are some serious flaws.

First, their basic living costs are already cut to what seems bare bone but there is no margin for the money the new house devours. Either they have a crabgrass lawn, leave the attic unfinished and useless and the rooms fashionably underfurnished, or spend money. For example, the builder had distributed the clay from the foundation hole over the topsoil. Josephine and Russ had to put a hundred dollars in topsoil. Russ also found the painters using cheap paint. He told them he'd rather they left the walls bare. They did. Russ had to buy paint.

Second, their expenses hang close to the \$300 mark during the summer, but Russ draws only short rations. Last fall it was nip and tuck whether they could get by the last week or whether Russ would have to go to the credit union for a payday loan of twenty-five dollars.

Third, the Woodses are on the same merry-go-round as many other families

who are barely meeting current installment payments: There is no depreciation reserve to replace or repair items they are now paying installments on. Take the car: by the time Russ and Josephine have finished paying for it the car will have aged and some important parts like the engine may be worn out. Their refrigerator has a life expectancy of perhaps ten years and already has lived three years of it. Other expensive household equipment inevitably will have to be replaced. But their budget allows only for current installments and the replacements will have to be financed the same way. Meanwhile interest payments on the installment purchases keep on nibbling at the family's income.

The Woodses are accustomed to economy, and Josephine is a brave and expert practitioner of the penny-stretching arts. I was amazed at her ability to feed four on \$17 a week. "I never throw anything out," she said. "If there are three peas left I keep them. Our big saving is on milk. We get twenty quarts of skim milk a week at fourteen cents a quart."

"Conglomerations" Are Good

Only strict economy, in fact, made it possible for Josephine and Russ to get married when they did. They were both nineteen and Russ was still studying at London, Ont., Normal School, but his father, a dentist, agreed to continue financing his education. They lived on \$15 a week: "Five for food, five for rent and five for everything else," Josephine described it.

Food economy continues to be the most available means for keeping down expenses. Josephine said, "I know if you print how little we spend for food, people will write in saying 'They're not eating.' I've seen letters like that in magazines. But we are eating and we're in fine health. I'm lucky. Some men don't like conglomerations. They want meat, vegetables and so on all separate. If I cooked like that our food bills would go up. I think my conglomerations are tasty. Last night we had sausage meat creamed with corn meal. The children and Russ loved it."

There's no magic in the feat of a \$17 food budget, but some work and a lot of nutritional sense and canny shopping. For example, Josephine cooks her own cereals. "A box of oatmeal at thirty-seven cents goes a whole month," she said. "And I use it in cookies and other dishes too."

She uses cheese frequently to supplement the protein value of meals. "If any meal doesn't have meat or eggs, I set out a plate of cheese."

"Flank steak is my most economical and delicious meat."

She uses a lot of canned salmon. "With a half-pound can of red salmon I can make a nice casserole."

Their kitchen garden supplies summer produce and a little over for winter preserves like strawberry jam. But Josephine doesn't think it pays to can if you have to buy the vegetables. In winter she buys frozen or fresh produce. Except for peas, which she buys mixed-size instead of the costlier selected grade, she avoids canned vegetables, for like many young women she thinks they're not as nutritious—a misapprehension we'll come back to later.

Russ confirmed that he likes the economy meals fine. "What really pinches us is when we try to do things

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around the house," he said, returning to the problem that was uppermost in his mind. He pointed to a walnut-clad radio-phonograph console. "That lovely piece of furniture you see there isn't working," he said. "About two years ago I got television fever. One of the stores advertised a reconditioned seven-inch set for \$127, and the salesman agreed to take it back if I decided I didn't like it. I gave him \$25 down."

"After we had it a few days we decided we couldn't afford it. The salesman was reluctant to take it back so I offered him twenty dollars more, besides the twenty-five I had already paid, to cancel the contract. The manager refused. I went home and told Joie. You never saw two such sick-looking people as we were. I went back and the manager agreed to let me apply the down payment to a new radio-phonograph instead of the television set."

That's the point at which a family begins to regard itself as snake-bitten—unlucky in every transaction, seemingly unable to buy the right thing at the right price.

Now the Woodses have learned to compare furniture prices carefully. They showed me a wing chair they had bought for \$95 for which a time-pay store had wanted \$102. Much of their house has been furnished by clever conversions of old pieces. Josephine bought a big old picture frame for twenty-five cents, refinished it and had a mirror put in it for five dollars. Their bed and the kitchen table and chairs are old pieces de-frilled and restored.

After their plunge into car ownership Russ cast about for ways to restrain their mounting expenses and fixed a critical eye on his insurance bills. Before meeting them I had expected their insurance might be a place to save money, but Russ had already done effective research. He had been paying \$80 a year for car insurance. This was less than the \$92 most other teachers paid, but he found a still lower-cost policy for \$62, without sacrificing coverage. For life insurance he has the Board of Education group policy which costs only \$36 a year for \$5,000 insurance, and another \$7,000 family-protection policy which costs \$69. In comparison Russ finds a neighbor paying \$60 a year for only \$2,700 insurance, although the neighbor's policy does have a partial cash-recovery value. Russ also has a straight investment fund in which he deposits \$14.30 a month. He feels this and their equity in the house are also a form of insurance.

Except for medicines, the family's medical bills are covered by deductions from Russ' pay cheques for the Windsor Medical Plan and Blue Cross. Windsor's famous health-care plan costs only two dollars a month for each adult in a family and is highly regarded by both the member families and the doctors. The plan is especially meaningful right now to the Woodses: Roddy will have an eye operation next year with the costs paid by the plan.

Cutting down on clothing is another available economy. Russ needs the teacher's traditional decent worsted suit. "But last year," Josephine said, "we bought the first coats since we were married. I make many of the children's clothes out of my own discarded dresses, and their grandparents provide much of the rest."

Entertainment for a couple supporting

a new home, two children and a car turns out to be a simple and cashless affair, with few trips to the movies, let alone a night club. They've never had a baby sitter except for grandparents. They love to play bridge with neighbors but take the children and put them in the neighbors' beds. They love to eat outdoors but do it in their own back yard on a table Russ built. They drive to Watford, about a hundred miles, to visit their families and take side trips from there, so the car expense is really partly an entertainment bill.

It was Josephine who went to the heart of the matter. "What are we doing that's wrong?" she asked. "How can we do better?"

What ready answer could one give when a couple is making many sacrifices and trying hard to be careful? It took many hours of talking and searching among the three of us sitting in the Woods' immaculate little living room, but we did reach some answers.

Start With a Notebook

It is not enough in their circumstances and with their keen want for a nice home simply to improvise a budget from week to week, with a squeeze week when big payments come due, and a little more meat on the table the week between installments. A young family especially needs a longer-range financial plan to provide for large expenditures that can't be met out of a single pay cheque.

To start with I suggested a simple notebook with spaces for recording expenditures. A budget itself is only an estimate, which you can write down on the back of an old envelope. The spending record proves whether or not the estimate budget is realistic. I also suggested putting the funds for weekly expenses in a set of envelopes which Josephine could take care of. Amounts allotted from each pay cheque for yearly bills like coal, insurance and reserves could go into a bank account supervised by Russ.

They also agreed to adopt this simple plan of record-keeping:

1. Have a specific, convenient place where you keep your record book.
2. Plan a regular time for making entries.
3. Let one person be responsible for making the entries. Josephine was appointed.

Finally, after checking prices in the stores, we developed this budget:

Food: "We'll cut the food budget to \$70 a month and save \$5," I said. Josephine looked stunned but agreed, "That's fine."

"It won't cut either the amount or quality of your food," I reassured her. "Here's how you can do it. Since you're already using skim milk, and there's no real reason of taste or nutrition why you shouldn't, you might as well make up your own from non-fat milk powder. Just add the water, shake it up, and let it stand in the fridge overnight. It will cost about eleven cents a quart instead of fourteen. And you can add extra nutrition to cakes and cooked dishes simply by adding extra dry milk. You'll save three dollars a month right there."

"Since canned salmon is one of your standbys, why not use pink instead of red, especially in cooked dishes? It has the same nutrition. As we saw at the store, a pound can of pink costs little more than a half pound of red."

"A third saving you can make is to

use more canned vegetables. The fresh have to be hauled a long way to get here in the cold months. You need not fear you are cheating your family. You get nearly all vitamin and other values if you use the liquid in the can too."

House, Furniture: "Your housing expense is out of line but not much can be done about it. You ought to be spending around fifteen to eighteen percent of your income for shelter, including the heat. You're spending almost twenty-five. You're in the same boat with many other couples who had to buy their first home in this period of inflated housing prices."

"To get out of debt you'll probably have to limit your immediate spending for furniture and landscaping. However, you ought to have a definite budget for these items, even if small. Otherwise you'll rebel sooner or later. As soon as you accumulate enough for some item, you can go shopping with cash in hand instead of buying on installments. In the long run, you'll buy more and better equipment."

Clothing: "You may be able to reduce clothing costs from the present \$25 a month to \$20. Up to now you've waited until you really needed something, and then bought it at the going price of the season. If you anticipate your needs and buy at late-season sales and clearances, you can generally save about twenty percent. This clothing budget is only about five percent of your income, much less than the typical ten percent, and it's only possible because right now you have no big items to buy. You can get away with it while the

Russ who wanted the car. But apparently it's you." She looked at me with probably more politeness than I deserved. "The car means a lot to Russ," she said.

"Perhaps you don't have to give it up," I offered. "Perhaps if you conserve your use and do some of the servicing of it yourself, you can reduce the expense."

"Let's do it that way, Russ," Joie urged.

We waited. "All right," he said. "We'll use it carefully. I'll find out how to change the oil and do the other things myself. If we can get a fair price for it, we'll sell it and get a smaller car that won't cost so much to finance and operate."

Besides the car, we managed to find several other small savings possible by buying toiletries and laundry needs in larger sizes and quantities, and by switching in a couple of instances to cheaper but satisfactory-enough products.

Most of these extras must be covered by the Personal Allowances pocket in the budget below. For the first year (until it can be increased next year) this tight little sum of \$12.50 must answer many demands: haircuts, headache tablets, magazines, the marked-down books for Russ' avid consumption, a bottle of fizz on a hot day, and so on. Fortunately for the sake of the budget, the Woodses have no liquor bills and only Russ smokes, and that sparingly.

Finally, then, we were able to draw up this table showing how the Woodses will spend their money—and how they did:

ITEMS	OLD PLAN \$ PER MONTH	NEW PLAN \$ PER MONTH
*Food.....	75.00	70.00
*Mortgage Payment.....	55.50	55.00
*Clothing.....	25.00	20.00
*Credit Union Payment.....	65.00	62.50
House Operation (electricity, water, phone).....	12.00	12.00
*Car Operation.....	16.00	14.00
*Personal Allowances.....	14.00	12.00
Investment.....	14.30	14.30
Heating (coal).....	10.50	10.50
Life Insurance.....	6.00	6.00
Car Insurance.....	5.00	5.00
Home Insurance.....	2.00	2.00
HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS.....	2.50
DEPRECIATION RESERVE.....	12.50
Total.....	300.30	298.30

**By careful cuts on six items the Woodses can include two new items (bottom of column) which provide a vital safety margin for replacements and repairs, something their old budget did not allow for at all.*

children are young, but later they'll require \$20 a month or so alone."

Other Expenses: The real trouble was the car. It's been costing \$16 a month to support and \$5 more to insure without even counting depreciation. To get on a cash basis the Woodses have to build a cash reserve. But there seemed no room for both the car and a reserve.

Russ cleared his throat and turned to Josephine. "I think we'll give up the car." She waited a minute and said, "Perhaps it isn't necessary."

"It seems to be keeping us from everything else. We can take the train to Watford. I can take the bus to school."

"But then you have to pay bus fares." I chipped in, "Joie, I thought it was

If the depreciation reserve accumulates faster than necessary to replace or repair equipment, they can (first) use it to hasten debt repayment, or (second) add to their spending for the house or other needs. Their budget is stringent, yes. But it's not a closed box, because the reserve fund provides at least a small escape hatch.

Undoubtedly Joie and Russ are not going to have an easy row to hoe. While many families have even less income to work with, to others our budget will seem like a tough regime. Anything like a dead battery in the car, or an illness requiring a round of costly antibiotics, can be a major disaster at this time.

But Joie and Russ are people of spirit and aspiration, and if anybody can make

this budget work they will. If they can get by without any bad breaks for a few months, that everbuilding reserve fund will finally release them from having to worry should Roddy stuff a toy dog down the toilet bowl and bring in a six-dollar plumber's bill.

This budget is like a muscle: the more they use it, the more effective it will become. They'll accumulate the money to buy in larger quantities, save installment fees, anticipate their needs when cut-price buying opportunities arise. Thus they'll pyramid their savings if they can once get on a cash basis.

LEPRECHAUN

Continued from page 17

the new building across the street:

GIVE AWAY SALE! H. WEXLER ANNOUNCES THE OPENING OF KLASSY KUT KLOTHING! SUITS OFF THE RACK \$39.75!

Mr. Cohen's blue eyes glazed and he sagged back in his chair. For twenty-five years he had been here in this house, catering to an exclusive trade and making suits for gentlemen. And now this upstart, this Wexler, dared to invade his world with clothes off the rack at \$39.75. Mr. Cohen grabbed a cigar and chewed on it fiercely, scanning the suits to be given away tomorrow.

"Gabardine, flannel, worsted!" he read and sneered. "Fifteen dollars a yard I pay, the best quality, and he sells schlock across the street!" The cigar dissolved in his mouth and he sprang to his feet and tiptoed over to the window to stare down at the black-and-chrome front below. A red neon sign flickered into birth while he watched and "Klassy Kut Klotthing" seared itself on his sight. Mr. Cohen planted his socks firmly beneath him and his jaw tightened so that he looked more than ever like Winston Churchill although still not quite.

"A fight you want!" His lips curled derisively. "So I'll give it to you. Mass production, suits off the rack, pfui!"

He marched out to the dining room and sat down, a round bellicose figure. Rose smiled up at him and Mr. Cohen's eyes softened. For the thousandth time he wondered how he had played a part in the production of something so flawless, so beautiful. The soft golden hair, the sweet curve of her lips, the eyes as blue as his own . . . Mr. Cohen sighed and looked down at the plate in front of him. "What's this?"

"Corned beef and cabbage!" Mrs. Cohen beamed. "It makes a nice change."

Mr. Cohen thought of Plotnik's song fading into the night and shuddered. Tentatively he picked up a forkful and felt it melt in his mouth. "It's good," he conceded. "But is it kosher?"

"By Raginsky's Delicatessen?" Mrs. Cohen bristled. "You're asking?"

Mr. Cohen muttered something and skilfully diverted conversation into other channels. "So you're going out, Rose? What's it tonight?"

"A lecture at the university. McDermott on the Celtic Bards."

"You don't say!" Mr. Cohen nodded knowingly. "Who's taking you to the lecture?"

We'll be pulling for them and in a few months we'll have some of the answers. We'll return to the neat house on Wyandotte Street to see how the Woods family has fared and bring you continuing reports throughout the coming year. (Watch for the next one in *Chatelaine* for April.)

For as Joie said when she was asked to try this experiment, "If this can help others as well as us, we'd like to do it." ♦

How will the Woods family make out? Watch for reports from Sidney Margolius in Chatelaine in the months to come.

"Someone I know." Rose's glance slid away. "His name's Irving."

"Irving who?"

"Just Irving." Rose got up abruptly and dropped a kiss on her father's bald head as she passed. A warm sense of well-being enveloped him and lasted until he saw the bright green blur of her coat in the hall.

"What color's that?" he asked suspiciously.

"Kelly green. I thought it would be appropriate."

"Hmmm!" Mr. Cohen pursed his lips. "You should carry shamrocks to the lecture already."

The nameless dread returned and he sat uneasily in the parlor where the red light from the neon sign chased itself across the wall. Mr. Cohen sneered but his heart wasn't in it. Something else was wrong in his world, some unseen force at work. Plotnik and corned beef and Kelly green . . .

His nostrils twitched as a faint odor drifted up to them, unlike any odor he had ever known. It stole into his subconscious, elusive and disturbing, until he identified it with smoke. Mr. Cohen thought of steam irons in the workroom and firebugs in the basement and leapt to his feet.

"Where are you going, Sam?" His wife's voice drifted down the stairs and Mr. Cohen braced himself for a lie.

"Only down for a little finishing on Mr. Sedgewick's coat!" He mopped his face and closed the workroom door behind him, then darted frantically around sniffing at irons and possible short circuits. There was nothing there, no telltale glow or curling smoke, but the odor grew stronger until his senses reeled and he hurled open the basement door. It hit him head-on, acrid and pungent, and he staggered down the steps and switched on the one light that hung from the ceiling. A white mist rose around his ankles and Mr. Cohen's jaw dropped as he peered into the shadows.

The mist hung like a fog in one corner where it seemed to be emanating from a large wooden crate. Mr. Cohen knew the bitter taste of fear and cold fingers of vapor reached out to draw him over. The crate loomed up in the swirling mist and he saw the shipping identity and the mark of the Irish Free State on it while his lungs drank in the fragrance of something wood and yet not wood, rich and full of dreams. Then the pink skin tightened on his scalp and his socks took root where they stood.

"Let me out or begod, I'll lay the weakness on ye!" A thin high voice echoed over the beating of fists on the



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inside of the crate. "I'll burn more of me peat and set fire to the tweed!"

Impelled by something stronger than himself Mr. Cohen grabbed up a hammer and sprang into action. The boards gave away and he crouched down to peer into the darkness of the box. A face stole around the upright bale of Donegal tweed and looked out.

"I'm much obliged to ye," one eye closed in a significant wink. "It's been the devil of a long trip and now if ye don't mind I'll come out!"

Mr. Cohen fell back and saw a small figure jauntily emerge. White eyebrows and a white beard clung to a red wrinkled face like wisps of cotton wool. The faded green rags of an antiquated suit hung over spindling shanks in a vain effort to cover them and a leather bag hung from the apparition's waist. Mr. Cohen looked him over from the tip of a silvery head to the toes of buckled shoes and fear vanished in favor of a great curiosity. "What are you doing in my tweed?" he demanded.

"Wisht now for it's a long story," the little man fetched a lugubrious sigh. "Sit ye down and I'll tell ye!"

Mr. Cohen sat down as if mesmerized and the stranger dragged a slab of something brown from the crate and settled it under himself. "'Tis the peat, ye know. I always carry it for the rheumatics." He had the grace to look ashamed. "I had a few slanes of it with me and set a bit smolderin' for someone to come. It's dead out now."

"It better be!" Mr. Cohen said darkly. "Where'd the mist come from?"

"From the bogs. After breathin' it in for centuries there's no great trick to breathin' it out."

Mr. Cohen stared at the strange little man and his wonder grew. "What's the name please?"

"They call me Batty O'Hara." The wrinkled face stole a sidelong glance at Mr. Cohen. "I'm a leprechaun."

"And what's that?"

"Ah well, what ye don't know won't hurt ye," Batty O'Hara relaxed comfortably on his cushion of peat. "I can see ye've never been to Ireland."

Mr. Cohen thought of old vaudeville and the movies he'd seen and songs he'd heard. Green hills and blue lakes rose before him in a montage of Irish tenors and Maureen O'Sullivan and it was his turn to sigh. "It'd be nice to go there!" he said wistfully.

"Go there? If I could tell ye," the leprechaun grew scarlet over his beard. "If ye only knew what they're doin' to the auld sod today..."

"What're they doing?" Mr. Cohen's blue eyes widened.

"Electrifyin' it! Makin' water power out o' the Shannon! Changin' the face o' the country, that's what they're doin'!" Batty's voice rose to a thin scream. "Drained me bog, they did! Filled it in with me sittin' there after hundreds of years, dodgin' a bulldozer..." Indignation choked him and he tugged at the leather bag around his waist.

"Look at these!" he said when he got his breath. "Cobbler's tools! Silver hammers and awls that have made the shoes of generations—in return for slight favors, of course—and now I can't even sew on the boots for a drunken fiddler!"

"Why not?"

"They've got machinery!" Batty purred with sarcasm. "The fine big wheels for this and beltin' for that, all

tied to the light so an honest cobbler can't get work. Turnin' shoes out by the thousands they are, with seams for the wind and leather as thin as potato peelins." He shook his head dolefully. "It's somethin' terrible, that mass production!"

Mr. Cohen thought of a neon sign flashing across the street and suits off the rack at \$39.75.

"Trouble like that," he groaned, "I got also!"

Somehow he found himself telling the little man all about Klassy Kut Klotting and the black-and-chrome front and how he had made suits for gentlemen for twenty-five years. "Times are different today," he said sadly. "Not like when I learned the trade. It was in the old country, y'understand, and for three years I'm working only on pants. Then two on the vests and four more on the coats. Nine years to cut, to fit, to finish a suit. So what happens!" His shoulders rose in an express-



using any crumbled bits of fruit cake as the base for trifle.



ive gesture. "Someone moves in across the street and sells them off the rack!"

"Ah well, Canada's a big place. Ye'll be settin' up somewhere else like me."

"Somewhere else?" Mr. Cohen's eyes held blue sparks. "I'm staying right here."

"Ye mean ye'll stand and give the blackguard a fight?"

"What else? On this street I was here first."

"Now ye're talkin'!" The leprechaun chuckled. "Ye must have the Irish in ye, Sam."

"It'd be a pleasure," said Mr. Cohen politely. "Now tell me about the place over there. Without the electricity, y'understand."

"Ah well, in the old days there was the great sadness on it although it's passin' now..." Batty frowned and hurried on. "And there's the green hills white with sheep and the water breakin' into brown pools and the cuilins dancin' on the silver sand..."

"What's that, a cuilin?"

"'Tis a maid with the beautiful hair and if ye know one there's no forgettin' her."

"I know one." Mr. Cohen thought of Rose and smiled. "Go on!"

The leprechaun wove a net of words

and Mr. Cohen sat under a spell while the basement faded away and he saw it all, the green isle and the kings and the heroes passing before him. When at last he stirred, his pink face was childlike with wonder and soft with the touch of dreams. "The pleasure's been mine positively, Mr. O'Hara," he beamed. "I hope you'll be staying."

"Call me Batty," the leprechaun said thoughtfully. "Ye've given me somethin' to mull over and I'll be restin' till I make up me mind to the future!"

Mr. Cohen finally said goodnight and climbed the stairs to his home where he tiptoed into the parlor and looked down at the neon sign shining below. It melted into the red flash of fire on armor and he saw dark fields of battle and the black bulk of armies in an endless pageant of glory. The hot blood coursed through his veins and he was one with the warriors against oppression.

"Klassy Kut Klotting, hah!"

"What's the matter, Papa?"

Rose closed the front door and Mr. Cohen absently acknowledged the soft touch of her lips on his cheek while he stared down at the scarlet stream of light across the street.

"Move away? Throw up a sponge?" he sneered in contempt. "Better I should drop dead!"

A shadow fell over Rose's glowing face, extinguishing the glow in her eyes. Silently she went away while her father girded himself for battle, to fall at last into troubled sleep. The next morning a strangely subdued Plotnik greeted him downstairs and he grew conscious of a babel of sound outside. Mr. Cohen looked out the window and grasped the ledge for support. As far as he could see along the block and around the corner stretched a long queue of people. Old men, young men, mothers with growing boys... His glazing eyes returned to the entrance where a stocky shirtsleeved figure not unlike himself was herding the customers in. "That's H. Wexler," Plotnik's sepulchral tones penetrated his consciousness. "They got banners with give-aways for ten blocks. We can't compete!"

"Who says we can't compete?" Mr. Cohen roared. "They got the price but we got the quality. Get out Mr. Sedgewick's suit!"

Promptly at ten o'clock an ancient Daimler drew up and J. Hamilton Sedgewick descended. Mr. Cohen bowed low before the withered aristocratic figure standing in front of a triple mirror. Mr. Sedgewick's delicate fingers dwelt lovingly on fine material cut and sewn to perfection. "It's beautiful, Sam," he hesitated. "How much for this one?"

"Like always to a good customer, a hundred and fifty. Of course with the cost of materials today..." Mr. Cohen watched his customer with surprise. "What's the matter?"

"I'll have to ask you for credit," Mr. Sedgewick's voice trembled. "I seem to have some tax obligations."

"Don't give it a thought!"

Mr. Cohen waved away embarrassment and folded the suit in a box but a small knot of fear gathered in his ample stomach. It grew as the day wore on and his only other customer was Wolferton Wold, the actor, who ordered a suit and canceled it when he learned the price.

"Not that it isn't worth every cent, Sam! On the stage," he bunched his fingers together and blew a kiss to the

ceiling, "your suits are a dream. But I'm . . . ah . . . resting."

Mr. Cohen went over to the window and watched the dapper figure join the long line on the other side of the street. The knot in his stomach tightened.

"Old customers I got!" he said bitterly. "Old men who can't afford a good suit. And the young ones aren't making the money to buy them either!"

"Today you got to go after the business!" Plotnik's sad face drooped. "You got to advertise with a fancy store and banners in the streets."

"Never!" Mr. Cohen glared at him balefully and Plotnik bent over the cutting-table muttering to himself. But that night the knot in Mr. Cohen's stomach became almost a physical pain and he sat in the darkened parlor staring at the red lights chasing themselves across the wall. When Rose came in with her coat he looked at her dully.

"Where are you going?"

"Out!"

"Again with Irving?"

She murmured something and he heard the door close behind her. Mr. Cohen sat staring into darkness until his wife switched on the lamp.

"Who's Rose going out with?" he asked bluntly.

"Irving!"

"I know it's Irving!" Mr. Cohen clutched his head, driven beyond endurance. "Irving who?"

"Just Irving. Don't worry, Papa, it's all right."

Mr. Cohen sank into a dazed silence while Rose's face floated before him. He saw the secret joy in her eyes, the trembling sorrow on her lips, and a wave of self-pity engulfed him.

"Cullins!" he said bitterly and went down to the basement.

The leprechaun was waiting for him and Mr. Cohen sensed a suppressed excitement in his small ragged figure.

"And how did it go now?" Batty asked.

"How did what go?"

"The battle ye joined, the fight against tyranny."

"Terrible!" Mr. Cohen thought of the long queue across the street and buried his head in his hands.

"Well now, I've a bit of a plan. Ye don't know it but bein' a leprechaun I've the power of locatin' underground streams. It's a gift, ye might say," Batty smiled deprecatingly. "And while explorin' around today I heard . . ."

His voice sank to a conspiratorial whisper while he unfolded a scheme so nefarious and dark with treachery that Mr. Cohen's blood ran cold.

"I can't do it. Not even to Klassy Kut Klotting."

"In the name of Briar, why not?"

"First it's not legal," Mr. Cohen looked thoughtful. "And second we'd get caught."

"Arra, 'tis safe as the Bank of Ireland. I met the watchman last night. Hoolihan's his name and he's partial to potheen."

"No," Mr. Cohen wrestled with his conscience and lost. "It's not right."

He ascended the stairs in a cloud of virtue that thinned out when he stopped at the front door to look at the chipped gold leaf of "S. Cohen, Tailor to Gentlemen" in reverse. Twenty-five years, he thought wistfully, twenty . . . A black shadow split in half on the steps outside

and his eyes opened wide.

It was Rose being kissed by a young man. A good-looking young man, Mr. Cohen conceded, with nice eyes, black hair, a suit with quality costing at least a hundred.

"Hmmm, a fine boy!" Mr. Cohen threw open the door and beamed down at his daughter. "Maybe now you'll introduce me."

Rose gasped and the young man threw back his broad shoulders. "I've been hoping to meet you for some time, Mr. Cohen. I've got a proposition."

"You're telling me?" Mr. Cohen chuckled. "Come on in."

"My name's Irving," the young man said desperately. "Irving Wexler."

"It's a nice name, Irving," Mr. Cohen's smile faded. "Wexler, you said?"

"That's right. My father owns Klassy Kut across the street. He wants to talk to you."

"So!" Mr. Cohen planted his feet and looked down at Rose. "Come into the house."

"But Papa . . ."

Mr. Cohen's anger shattered the peace of the night.

"Cutting my throat!" he roared. "Taking the bread in my mouth. A cheapskate, a piker with shoddy. And my daughter is kissing his son!"

Rose burst into tears and brushed by while Mr. Cohen slammed the door. This, he thought, was the final insult. No scheme was too low, no means too foul to meet the conspiracy against him.

"Underground streams," he said. "A spring right under Klassy Kut Klotting. Hmmm!"

Rose's muffled weeping upstairs goaded him on and he descended to temptation and Batty O'Hara.

"I'll do it!"

"Ah, 'tis the brave bucko ye are, Sam, one after me own heart. Come now, there's no time to lose!"

The leprechaun darted about the basement until he found a shovel and ran lightly up the stairs. Mr. Cohen followed him, staggering under the weight of a pickaxe, and they crossed the street to disappear in the shadows

of a lane. A goods entrance yawned before them and Batty drew a lantern from the tattered rags of his coat.

"Wisht here now," he whispered. "I've a bit of potheen with me for Hoolihan."

The leprechaun bent over the door and it opened with a little click under his hand. The lantern bobbed away into the darkness of Klassy Kut Klotting and Mr. Cohen was alone. For a while he stood and then he sat and by and by he dozed in the doorway. The sound of raucous singing brought him bolt upright as the Rose of Tralee floated out discordantly on the night. After a few abortive attempts to finish it the voices faded away and silence reigned. Mr. Cohen shuddered and looked up to see Batty's wrinkled face peering down at him in the light of the lantern.

"'Tis a terrible thing, the curse of drink!" The leprechaun lurched and recovered himself unsteadily. "Come, we'll do what's to be done."

Mr. Cohen shouldered the pickaxe and followed the wavering orange light into darkness. It stopped and waited while he stepped over a recumbent form and Hoolihan's snores echoed behind him. Mr. Cohen's conscience flared into a brief spasm of life and was instantly throttled by the memory of a young man kissing Rose. Down, down he toiled, following the lantern on winding stairs until it illuminated the subterranean reaches of H. Wexler's storeroom. Mr. Cohen looked at the racks of clothing stretching as far as the eye could see and his lip curled.

"Job lots, give-aways, \$39.75 . . ."

Curiously he watched the antics of Batty O'Hara who was running up and down the cement floor, alternately sniffing and listening. At a point near the centre the wizened figure straightened and pointed down. "Dig!" he commanded.

Mr. Cohen lifted the pickaxe and dug. His arms ached and sweat poured from his rotund body while the cement gave away and Batty sprang to his assistance with the shovel. The area of destruction widened and Mr. Cohen mopped his forehead.

"Ye'll be needin' a little somethin', I've no doubt," the leprechaun drew out a bottle of clear white fluid and held it to Mr. Cohen's lips. "Throw it back in ye now!"

Mr. Cohen threw it back and felt his toes come up to meet the back of his head. A warm glow spread into his veins and the pickaxe lightened in his hands. He lifted it up and brought it down until earth flew around him like rain and he disappeared in the hole.

"That's enough," Batty said clambering down beside him. "Now I'll finish the job."

Mr. Cohen watched while the leprechaun took a silver hammer from the bag at his waist and tapped three times on the ground, muttering to himself. There was silence and then a mighty roar shattered the stillness of H. Wexler's storeroom. Mr. Cohen trembled and grew vaguely conscious of a voice above the rushing of waters.

"Run for your life!" it said. "She's comin' in like the Falls of Fermoy!"

Mr. Cohen could never be sure whether it was potheen or a wild exhilaration coursing through his veins that lent wings to his feet. Whatever it was its effect lasted until he climbed into bed beside the ample bulk of his wife and drifted into a dream of swirling brown water rising on cement to lap at his flying heels. The shrieking of sirens and clanging of bells aroused him to morning and he held his head in his hands until the rhythmic throbbing that threatened to split it apart dissolved into the sound of pumps at work.

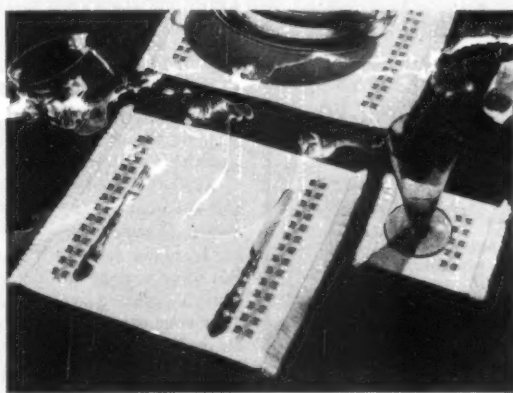
Mr. Cohen dressed with trembling hands and descended to the workroom where he hung out of the window beside the gaping Plotnik. Fire reels and pumping machines formed a scarlet-and-gold island in a sea of humanity and a wave of customers surged around the black-and-chrome front across the street where a short shirtsleeved figure channeled it through the doors. Mr. Cohen read the six-foot banners flaunting themselves in the breeze and his eyes glazed:

**GIGANTIC FLOOD SALE!
SLASHING REDUCTIONS!
ENTIRE INVENTORY \$29.50!**

Mr. Cohen leaned against the window and went down in total defeat. He was beaten, he told himself dully, an out-moded failure in a world of banners and progress. There was nothing ahead but bankruptcy and the bitter thoughts etched themselves on his features until any resemblance to Winston Churchill was purely coincidental. Slowly he turned and went out to the front door where his needle-pricked fingers rested lovingly on the chipped gold leaf of "S. Cohen, Tailor to Gentlemen" in reverse. He closed his eyes and saw them all, all the gentlemen in their fine cars whom he had served as an equal because he knew his trade. A lump rose in his throat and he opened his eyes to look at a face peering in through the glass.

It was a round pink face not unlike his own and Mr. Cohen's blood ran cold as he recognized H. Wexler. Visions of imminent arrest and a felon's cell rose before him while he threw back his shoulders and opened the door.

"Mr. Cohen I presume!" H. Wexler beamed. "I want to talk to you!" Mr. Cohen felt himself propelled back into the workroom by sheer force of personality until he sank down in a



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chair. "We got a good business across the street especially with the accident last night." Mr. Cohen opened his mouth and H. Wexler thrust a cigar in it. "But we need class. Without beating the bush I'm asking you to come in a partner with me and start a custom-tailoring department. With a full share in the profits! On your own terms!"

The workroom revolved around Mr. Cohen and he heard a voice from a great distance away. "Mass production's okay but it's not machines that made Canada great, it's the hands and the brains behind them. We got quantity but we need the quality too. With my merchandising and your tailoring, what a business!"

Mr. Cohen thought rapidly and took the cigar out of his mouth. "I'll stay in this house?"

"Naturally. It's a good location and we'll fix it up a little."

"I got nothing to do with suits off the rack irregardless?"

"An artist like you!" Mr. Wexler brushed away the suggestion and, when Mr. Cohen still hesitated, looked at him slyly.

"A fine girl, your Rose. A daughter-in-law I'll be proud of." He smiled. "We'll build a business for the grandchildren."

"It's a deal!" Mr. Cohen rose to his feet and a pudgy hand pumped his own. Together they went out to the front door where H. Wexler looked at the chipped gold leaf on the glass.

"We'll change it," he said. "Wexler and Cohen, Tailors to Gentlemen."

"The Cohen comes first!" his new partner announced and took another cigar. A warm glow of happiness spread through Mr. Cohen as the day wore on. When Plotnik had gone home his employer went down the basement stairs whistling. The sound died on his lips as he stepped off into four inches of water.

"It backfired!" The leprechaun peered down wistfully from the top of the crate and awe crept into his voice. "I don't know me own strength with them streams!"

"It was no stream, it was the water main," Mr. Cohen surveyed the slimy wreckage around him. "But it all worked out fine just the same. Wait'll I tell you."

He sat down on a step above the water and told him but when he had finished the wistful look was still there on the wrinkled red face and the leprechaun's eyes darkened with dreams.

"Well now, that's the wonderful thing and I'm glad for ye, Sam. Ye're a fine man and I never thought anyone'd teach an Irishman how to stand and fight. But so ye've done and I'm goin' home," Batty's voice quivered with longing. "For your partner's right and a country needs the brains and the hand behind its machines, be it Canada or Ireland. So I'm goin' back to the green isle, electrified or not, and I know a bog where they're not cuttin' up peat like pieces of pie to feed the generators. And there I'll stay until they need a good cobbler and I can fit in the new scheme o' things."

"How'll you get there?" asked Mr. Cohen.

"The same way I came. Ye can nail me up in the crate and ship me aboard the City o' Cork that's clearin' tomorrow."

"Okay, but there's something I got to do first."

Mr. Cohen hurried the leprechaun upstairs where the astonished Batty found himself before the triple mirror while skilful fingers draped him in a length of the finest green wool. Scissors cut and Mr. Cohen's needle flew until a little suit began to emerge. All that night he worked on it while Batty lightened his labor with tales of the island where cuilins danced on the sand and the kings and the heroes passed in glory. When grey light crept in at the window the leprechaun preened himself before the mirror, his face shining.

"Oh, it's the beautiful suit entirely and won't it last me the centuries with the fine stitches and all! Ye're the darlin' man, Sam, and I've the power to leave ye a pot o' gold for your trouble. But it won't be the gold o' fools and ye've all the wealth ye need right here." Batty took the needle-scarred fingers in his own. "May the skill stay in your hands till the day ye lay down the needle! And may it pass to your children's children and those that come after them, forever into eternity!"

An electric tremor passed through Mr. Cohen's fingers and the wizened figure changed and grew before him until there was nothing else but the great light shining in the leprechaun's eyes.

"Now ye've had the wish put on ye and I must be on my way. For the City o' Cork's sailin' soon and I've a longin' for the sight of green hills risin' from the sea!"

Batty darted away and Mr. Cohen hurried after him down the stairs. Together they arranged the cushions of peat in the bottom of the crate and the leprechaun stepped in, dapper in his suit of green. Mr. Cohen hammered the boards back in place and bored a few holes for air.

"Wisha, Sam, I forgot to tell ye!" Batty said from the depths. "If ye ever come to the auld sod there's a place near Ballygullin they'll be callin' O'Hara's Bog. And if ye don't find me there, just ask where they're makin' the finest shoes in Ireland!" One eye winked significantly in the middle of the Free State. "Now call a lorry, do, and take me down to the harbor. My heart forever, Sam, and ye'll find the best gold of all on your doorstep when ye get home!"

The grey light had turned into sunshine when Mr. Cohen stood at the docks and watched the City of Cork swing out on the morning tide. She grew smaller in the distance and he turned away, his round face wistful. Some day he'd see it all, he told himself, the green island crowned by the mist and the Rock of Cashel and the white-washed cottages by the sea. The spell of Batty's voice lingered on him until he came at last to the brownstone house and looked up at the twisted tubing across its familiar front.

He stared at it in astonishment and yellow light flickered into birth. It grew stronger and "Cohen and Wexler, Tailors to Gentlemen" flashed from a neon sign, dimming the day with its splendor. The golden radiance penetrated the shadows of the porch where two figures stood locked in a tight embrace and Mr. Cohen's eyes blurred before the glory of Rose's hair on a broad shoulder and the gold spilling down on his doorstep. +

YOUNG PARENTS

It's hard to believe our children aren't well fed

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

HOW WELL are our children eating?

Within the last year, surveys of seven thousand children in widely separated parts of Canada revealed the startling fact that many of our children are not getting the foods essential for producing strong and healthy bodies. Despite the fact that this country has the second highest standard of living in the world, the surveys showed that per day:

25 to 50% took less than one pint of milk.

33 to 66% didn't eat citrus fruits, tomatoes or their juices regularly.

25 to 50% had no vegetables besides potatoes.

50 to 75% ate no whole-grain cereals.

5 to 8% had no meat, fish or poultry.

66 to 90% took no vitamin D.

These figures came from three studies. The first was of 428 children in the fifth and sixth grades, in rural and small urban centres in British Columbia; the second included 4,700 Toronto youngsters who were all in grade six; and the third was of 2,200 junior high-school students (grades seven, eight and nine) in Vancouver. All these studies were directed by nutrition consultants or volunteer groups of professional nutritionists.

One of the most sobering discoveries, as shown by a survey in Vancouver's Junior High School, is that the eating habits of teen-age youngsters are even worse than those of children a few years younger. Workers both in New Brunswick and in New York State have noticed the same thing and probably

it is true all over Canada. Certainly it is a pity, because when children are growing quickly they should be eating better food rather than poorer. Probably we parents can take a good deal of the blame for this. It's up to us to set them a good example and also to prepare the best types of foods in ways that will be attractive to them.

These records were scored for the most part on the basis of Canada's Food Rules, set down in the box below. These rules do not require anything extravagant; in fact they are relatively modest in their definition of an excellent diet. Moreover, they allow you a good deal of scope. For example, you can use any kind of milk in any way you like and your choice in the other food groups is very wide. Also, you can follow these rules and still keep your food budget low.

Each of the food groups in Canada's Food Rules plays an important part in the maintenance of excellent health and growth. Milk, for instance, provides the calcium or lime necessary for the building and maintaining of bones. Besides, if it is used in the recommended amounts, it supplies about half of the riboflavin, an important B vitamin, that we should eat each day. Proteins are important for both growth and repair and the ones we get in milk are far cheaper than those we buy in meat or eggs. Milk also contains other important food factors in lesser amounts. Probably we'll always have trouble getting our children to take enough milk until we adults use it ourselves.

Continued on the next page

CANADA'S FOOD RULES

These foods are good to eat. Eat them every day for health. Have at least three meals each day.

MILK—Children up to about twelve, at least 1 pint. Adolescents, at least 1½ pints, adults, at least ½ pint.

FRUIT—One serving of citrus fruit or tomatoes or their juices, and one serving of other fruit.

VEGETABLES—At least one serving of potatoes; at least two servings of other vegetables, preferably leafy, green or yellow and frequently raw.

CEREALS AND BREAD—One serving of whole-grain cereal and at least 4 slices of bread with butter or fortified margarine.

MEAT AND FISH—One serving of meat, fish, poultry or meat alternates such as dried beans, eggs or cheese. Use liver frequently.

In addition:

EGGS AND CHEESE—Use each at least three times a week.

VITAMIN D—At least 400 units daily for all growing persons and for expectant and nursing mothers.

IODIZED SALT—Is recommended.

Tack this list up in the kitchen for ready reference.



Lots of fun ... growing up!



About the time when the first few teeth appear, your baby will be learning something new and exciting most every day. There's creeping, for instance—and standing alone. Perhaps a couple of real words. An attempt to feed himself, and beginning to drink milk from a cup.

When baby reaches that stage, there's another change due—the fun of having foods that are more "grown up". Gerber's Junior Foods are made specially to fill the bill . . . for they have a tender, diced texture that tots with a few teeth find easy to manage. They're ever so helpful, from the time baby's learning to chew clear through till he's ready for completely adult table foods. Baby will enjoy the tempting true colours and the attractive true flavours of Gerber's Junior Foods. And he'll enjoy the appetizing choice you can offer him, too—with 14 Junior Vegetables, Vegetable-Meat Dinners, Fruits, Desserts.

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DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

OUR CHILDREN AREN'T WELL FED

Continued from previous page

which incidentally, would also be beneficial to our own health. If you find that you have to watch your waistline use skim milk. A glass of skim milk has about the same number of calories as tea or coffee with cream and sugar. After a while most people get to prefer skim to whole milk.

The citrus fruits—raw or their canned or frozen juices—and raw or canned tomatoes or tomato juice are given special mention because they are such good sources of ascorbic acid, formerly known as vitamin C. In the rural British Columbia survey, vitaminized apple juice and raw cabbage salad were allowed as suitable substitutes. Muskmelon or raw strawberries or raspberries would have been equally good but they weren't in season at the time. Studies have shown that apart from these foods our Canadian meals as we cook and eat

★ ★ ★

REBELLION

By Lee Avery

The supper dishes are stacked in the sink.

For ambition died a-borning.

I'll read and be lazy tonight, I think,

And hate myself in the morning!

★ ★ ★

them are low in vitamin C which plays many essential roles in our body.

The orange and green-fleshed vegetables and fruits provide good quantities of a substance that we can turn into vitamin A. The darker the orange or green the more of this substance there is; tomatoes too contain a fair amount of it. Some margarine or butter on the vegetables allows us to utilize this substance efficiently. Vitamin A helps to keep the lining layers of the nose, throat, windpipe and other organs in their normal, moist state. As these layers are our first line of defense against colds and other respiratory infections, they are worth keeping in good condition. The vegetables and fruits also have cellulose in them which helps to prevent constipation. Babies can be taught to eat a great variety of vegetables if you introduce them one by one and in small amounts at first. Be a little extravagant with vegetables—so that your family can have all kinds all year round. Varying your ways of cooking them helps them to like them too, but setting the youngsters a good example is probably the most important factor.

Many of the youngsters surveyed ate no breakfast or a very meagre one. The whole-grain cereals add B vitamins and iron to our meals, as well as starch and a little protein. The refined white cereals are much lower in these first two good factors. Children need at least a fair-sized breakfast in order to do a good morning's work and it's wise to get them up early enough so that they can develop this habit.

The fact that such a large percentage

of these youngsters had at least one serving of the most expensive of our foods—meat—means that their family food budgets were not low. Meat is an excellent food because of the proteins, B vitamins and iron in it, but some people spend so much on it that they haven't enough to buy the other essentials. As a matter of fact, the cheaper cuts of meat are just as nutritious as the more expensive ones.

Canadian babies are now getting their vitamin D as fish-liver oil or in other reliable preparations. Rickets, the disease due to its lack, is so rare that we can hardly find enough cases to show the medical students. However, many people do not realize that growing children need vitamin D too if they are to build perfectly formed bones. Since the dose recommended—400 units—is small, this part of your child's diet costs very little.

Sugar, candy, syrup, honey and soft drinks are our poorest foods. They contain no vitamins, minerals, proteins or fats. They provide only carbohydrates, which we can use for energy or, if we eat them in excess, for the production of fat. Cake, cookies, doughnuts and such foods are very little better. Of course all our other foods supply us with energy too, but they provide other valuable substances as well. Sweet foods are not essential in our diets and if they are eaten between meals they often spoil the appetite for the really valuable foods.

In Toronto and Vancouver the records were studied to see how often the children ate sweet foods such as cake, cookies, doughnuts, candy and soft drinks. In Toronto a child's record was graded unsatisfactory if he ate more than three helpings of these foods per day. Forty-five percent of them had developed this unhealthy habit. In Vancouver it was noted that large amounts of these nonessential sweets were eaten but the pupils were not scored on this. However, a record was kept of the amount of soft drinks that the children bought and it was found that in one school year (two hundred and twenty days or so) these 2,200 children spent \$10,200 on soft drinks alone, not including those bought on week ends and holidays.

There is plenty of good evidence that children who have been trained to eat and enjoy meals that meet Canada's Food Rules are healthier and happier than those who don't. From these surveys it is evident that many of our children would benefit if they took more milk, citrus products or tomatoes, green or yellow vegetables, whole-grain cereals and vitamin D. +

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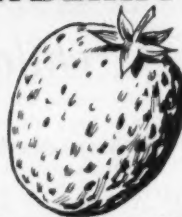
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**BABY'S
OWN
COUGH
SYRUP**

Specialized formula for babies!
Breaks up phlegm—eases wheezing.

WOMAN'S GREAT ENEMY

Continued from page 13

tired which continues for months and years—a state of apathy toward tomorrow, of headaches, backaches, crying spells, heaviness of body and mind. I often describe it as a lack of tone which shows in the sag of her body when she walks and the dullness in her voice when she talks.

I see hundreds of women suffering from fatigue every year. Now that we have a word for the condition many doctors have taken the trouble to keep medical records on the subject. They find that four out of every five patients who come to them with fatigue symptoms only have nothing whatever the matter with them physically. The fifth may have anaemia, high blood pressure, an underactive thyroid or a low-grade infection. All these conditions can be treated within the framework of our medical education. To cure fatigue a doctor must also be a sociologist, a psychiatrist, an efficiency expert and a Solomon. This is the part of my practice which I find most challenging and most rewarding.

Every woman will experience fatigue several times in her lifetime and it seems a pity to me that adolescents aren't warned about it in the routine way that they are informed of the other enemy of the body, physical illness. A woman first experiences fatigue during the period of from twelve to seventeen years of age when endocrinal changes take place within her. The symptoms come on gradually, almost imperceptibly, and depart the same way but every woman can recall that as a teen-ager she was almost impossible to waken in the morning and felt heavy-eyed through the day. During this important growing period parents should insist on their daughters' getting sufficient rest—and I appreciate what a difficult thing I'm asking. Three or four nights a week should be set apart as early-to-bed nights and let the wails and protests fall on deaf ears. A young girl's system must be protected against the demands of her social life.

The next endocrinal change within a woman takes place during pregnancy, which is always accompanied by fatigue. Obstetricians invariably say to prospective mothers, "Now eat plenty of meat, fruit and vegetables and be sure to get sufficient rest." The patient nods in perfect agreement—I've seen them—and makes a mental calculation that what the doctor really means is to continue her routine exactly as it was, adding an orange here and a calcium pill there. When she is about seven months pregnant she will find herself crying fretfully over carrots that have boiled dry. Fatigue is beating her down and when I meet her in the delivery room I will find a nervous, overwrought woman who will be in no condition in a few days to care for an infant.

By the term "sufficient rest" during pregnancy, we doctors mean an hour or two IN BED after lunch. Give the rest priority over phone calls, neighbors dropping in and the urge to dust the coffee table. It is more than the whim of a doctor, it's an absolute necessity if the prospective mother is to survive her confinement with her cheery personality intact.

This is perfectly manageable for the woman having her first child—a note on the door, the telephone receiver off the hook and a humorous but dead-earnest warning to the neighbors will take care of all interruptions. I realize that the mother who already has a child or two in her home is in a different position. Sometimes when I am telling such a mother to get an afternoon nap she looks at me over the head of the squirming three-year-old in her lap and her expression goes blank. I know she

is trying to decide whether to laugh or brain me with my medical dictionary.

Nevertheless it is possible for mothers of small children to get sufficient rest during their pregnancies. Usually it can be managed if the mother goes to bed as soon as her child has his nap; sometimes it can be done by putting the child firmly in a play pen or behind the gate across the door of his bedroom. The child will be rewarded with the attention of a mother who is rested and relaxed.

The first three months after the new

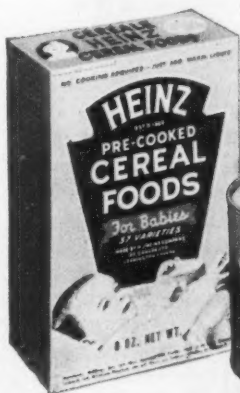
baby is born are probably the days of the greatest fatigue a woman ever knows. Her body is changing back to its cycle, which alone can cause fatigue, and her small baby is hungry at midnight and five in the morning and assorted hours in between. Frequently the spent mother falls asleep while nursing her infant, waking with a start an hour later to find the unburped baby crying with gas pains. It's hard to recommend any solution to this problem, short of the expensive one of

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Heinz Baby Foods

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hiring help. The situation can be kept within the bounds of human endurance if the infant's father helps with meals and dishes and a night feeding; fortunately for my patients, very few husbands are shortsighted enough to insist on service as usual during the three-month ordeal.

The last endocrinal change a woman experiences is during her menopause which generally occurs between the ages of forty-five to forty-eight, though it varies from woman to woman. The menopause is always accompanied by exhaustion because of the physical glandular changes taking place within the woman. These physical changes combine with the strange, lonely feeling of futility a woman gets during this period of her life. Rest once more becomes as important as it was during her pregnancies and when she was a teen-ager. Along with rest she needs compensation for that this-is-the-end-of-the-world sensation, some engrossing hobby, something new to reaffirm the reality of a busy happy future.

Behind a Broken Marriage

All these are the unavoidable fatigues, the times in every woman's life when she actively must plan to keep herself normal. If she is unaware of what is happening to her, as many women are, she will sink into depression and moodily wonder if her health is breaking down, if her boss is planning to fire her, if her husband is being unfaithful, if her children are turning against her. If she had given herself sufficient rest, she would have been spared much of this churning misery.

I get another type of fatigue case very frequently in my office. The woman is in her twenties and is physically in perfect condition. She has two small children, under school age, and she complains of a back ache.

"Of course your back aches," I tell her briskly; sympathy is not going to be particularly helpful. "You have two pre-school children and you're tired out. You can expect to be tired, all the time, until they are in school."

I have given up looking for a solution for this problem: There isn't one. A woman who has a baby has to face up to the realization that she will be tired for the next five years. The pre-school child needs constant attention twenty-four hours a day for five years. She must supervise his meals, train him to go to the bathroom, dress himself, protect himself from automobiles and rainstorms, teach him the English language and social deportment, nurse him when he is sick and comfort him through his nightmares. Certainly she is tired.

The next step, after a new mother has accepted her fate, is to minimize the damage that such prolonged weariness might do to her relations with her friends, her ability to raise her child in a warm friendly environment, and her marriage. The most important relationship to be preserved is the last one. If the mother has nothing to offer her husband returning home in the evening but the chaos of mismanaged children and herself near tears she had better plan immediately for the evenings she will soon be spending without him.

Every wife has a positive moral obligation to have something of herself left over from her home and children for her husband. The first essential of her marriage is that she be happy and

relaxed when he is home, that there be no turmoil which he must smooth over. A wife who is tired is incredibly unreasonable and while her humor and understanding are at their lowest ebb she is most likely to find herself in a screaming, hysterical tirade against her husband. A few of these can rock any marriage.

I must deal at this time with the problem of sex as related to fatigue. Women suffering from fatigue almost invariably lose their interest in sexual relations. They withhold themselves from their husbands, I sometimes suspect, partly out of spite. Because they are unhappy and exhausted they want to inflict misery on someone else and this is the first and best weapon at hand. It is also the weapon that hurts the most and it is the one no woman should ever use. It is a sin against the spirit.

A woman bent on avoiding sexual relations with her husband goes through a classic charade in order to succeed. She begins early in the evening to warn him with unlovely subtlety against any advance, moaning that she is tired beyond all feeling, sighing when it is necessary for her to rise and turn off the radio, falling on the bed limply and with marvellously ingenious yawns. He gets the idea. They bid one another good night politely.

The energy she has just been expending in this performance is far greater than the energy she would require to meet the simple demands of a normal married life. Her sense of guilt is smothered hastily in a thoroughly unjustified conviction that a sex life shouldn't be demanded of her—poor, overworked woman that she is. The frustrations and anguish of planning endless excuses are vastly more tiring than a full sex life would ever be.

I frankly advise any woman in the grip of such a silent struggle to relax and put her Thespian skill to work at convincing her husband he is desired. She will be rewarded by the release of the tension that has ruined her evenings and by the flowering of her marriage. By nourishing her husband's ego, she ensures his contentment which, in turn, will ensure her own.

Next, she must get at the base of the problem: her fatigue. I think the mother of pre-school children needs to work out a job analysis, just as industrial workers do. She must list all the essentials of her home management and space them out so that two heavy jobs don't fall on the same day. Then, when she is working out a schedule, she must put "Rest for mother" on the list among

the essentials. She needs time in the day for herself and I usually recommend to my tired young mothers that they set aside ten-thirty in the morning for a half hour of sitting with their feet up, sipping at some kind of nourishment like orange juice or milk. She can sit in the back yard during the summer where she can supervise her children or by a window giving a view of them in the winter. Unless a catastrophe befalls them, such as a skinned knee, she should refrain from the temptation of leaping to her feet at their slightest whimper. In the afternoon she must lie down. I know it will be a major piece of engineering to carve an hour or so out of every day but being well rested is as vital to her happiness as breathing is to her life.

I have one patient who told me she thinks she could never have survived the years when her children were babies if she hadn't found a sitter in the neighborhood who was willing to come in every afternoon from three-thirty to four o'clock. "There's a Honey Dew near our house," this patient told me. "I used to go there and drink coffee and read the New Yorker for a half hour. It calmed me down and kept me going."

I don't know how many times this young-family fatigue is complicated and intensified to a frenzy by a husband who is unappreciative. A vital aspect of marriage, as I said before, is the nourishing of one another's egos and a husband who fails to praise his wife's cooking, or the way the house sparkles, or the adroit way she answered a four-year-old's query about the origin of babies is inflicting a deep wound. A woman can mull over a series of indifferent moments until her nerves are raw, going from fury to despondency in the squirrel cage of her mind. Her fatigue is bound to increase and she is certain to wind up in some doctor's office and ask if there isn't something seriously wrong—she's too tired even to climb stairs.

It's surprising how quickly a doctor can reach the real source of the trouble. He first takes her medical history and her present symptoms, then he finds how much housework she does, what organizations she belongs to, what she does with her evenings. When his careful medical examination has revealed no physical cause for the fatigue, he is ready to prescribe. My favorite prescription for an apathetic marriage is a meal in a restaurant. Mealtimes at home with a young family can rarely be described as delightful; the parents have no time for conversation because they are too busy policing the manners

and intake of their offspring.

"You've got to regain that zest you and your husband had for each other before the children came," I tell my patients. "If you can afford it, arrange to meet him downtown once a week for dinner. If you can't, then at least go out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee every now and then." It's a therapy that balances weeks of scrambled, clamorous meals with the children. Once his wife is in focus again as a woman it generally follows that his treatment of her becomes more thoughtful.

Once the children are all in school mothers generally feel as frisky as colts. They spend hours wandering through department stores, attending fashion shows, bazaars, bridge afternoons, luncheons and quilting bees. Late in the afternoon they hurtle home, slam some pots and pans on the stove, deal with an avalanche of leggy youngsters and end up with as big a case of fatigue as when the children were small.

A woman continually must arrange her life to give herself time to relax. If her children are in school then she must realize that her work period is concentrated at the end of the day; somewhere in the early afternoon she has to find time to rest with her feet up.

A business woman needs the same sort of organizing but she has a greater problem. If she is maintaining a home at the same time she has three choices: (a) To do her job properly and let her home go; (b) To let the job go and keep her home in perfect order or (c) Fatigue. The difficulty is that an astonishing number of otherwise intelligent women choose fatigue rather than have their homes less than spotless and their jobs a notch under perfection. When they have been suffering from fatigue long enough they will fail at both jobs, but it is hard to convince most women of this until after their breakdowns.

If a Job is Dull

I heartily object to women who work a five-day week and then spend Saturday and Sunday doing a week's housecleaning. They are headed for trouble and in the meantime they collect no medals. Personally I would award them a spangled dunce cap. Their week end should be saved for rest and recreation; during the five-day work week they can spread their housework out in humane doses in the evenings.

Most business girls who come to me with fatigue expect me to tell them they are working too hard. Hard work rarely causes fatigue, in the sense that I mean it. Their fatigue is the result of two factors: lack of appreciation and monotony. Without a smattering of respect for her efforts, the business girl is a maze of frustrations which will bring on fatigue. If her boss is such an unkind clod that he fails to thank her occasionally for her efforts I suggest that the girl search for warmth elsewhere—in a bowling league, an art class or in hammering pewter bracelets.

Monotony is also a breeding ground for fatigue. An artist can work fourteen hours over a canvas and feel exhilarated when he is finished; a business girl working on ledgers or ironing shirts is worn out in two hours. The coffee break was designed to relieve this type of fatigue. I also recommend that the business girl go home to some interest after her work. Some women offset the monotony of their working lives by furnishing a room



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or a small apartment with colors they love, records or books or pictures that will comfort them. Often the process of furnishing such a retreat will be, in itself, beneficial.

I must warn single business girls of a period of enormous emotional turmoil which awaits them in their late thirties and early forties, when they first realize that they will never marry. This is a dreadful time for a woman to survive, days of bitterness and fear for her future and nights of loneliness and tears. The resultant fatigue from such a struggle is prostrating. Such women are so weary that they are confounded when I advise them to take on more interests, more clubs and other recreations. Once her battered soul is past this upheaval, and her menopause is over, she can look forward to a marvelous life. With no children or husband on her mind, she is really sailing in her fifties. The fifty-year-old single women could run the world if the world would give them a chance.

Sometimes when I am questioning a fatigue sufferer about her home environment I discover that she has her parents or her husband's parents living with her. I put this down as a primary cause of fatigue, not because the older people cause an excessive amount of work but because of the confusion and controversy which always seems to accompany such an arrangement. The woman gnaws on the same bone of petty grievances all day long, stifling the desire to say something or throw something. The mental conflict naturally brings her to a state of fatigue.

First I recommend that my patient stop scurrying around in her mind looking for exits. She must first accept the fact that the situation is never going to change; she must change. This acceptance alone relaxes the tension. Next the woman must arrange with tact if possible—and without it if necessary—that she and her husband have some time to themselves every day when they have privacy. Sometimes it can be solved by separate dinner hours for the older people.

Many types of fatigue are beyond any doctor's power to solve. I find that women suffering from the fatigue of monotony present the most difficult problem. Frequently they are women who have raised a large family who are now grown; there is nothing left to do. Occasionally they are wealthy women whose husbands have provided them with maids to keep their homes clean, private schools to supervise their children and cooks to provide their meals. With nothing to fill their lives but leisure, they are nearly ill with fatigue.

These people need something to do and I believe a community activity is the best solution, something that will keep them in a hubbub of people. Many times, though, I have been unable to help and I have had gently to pass them on to a psychiatrist.

There is another type of fatigue I might mention here which is beyond the help of most medical doctors—the spiritual fatigue that results from selfishness.

Self-centered people, involved in a ceaseless, grinding necessity to be impressive, suffer from fatigue. They must stop grasping and plotting in order to become rested, about as tall an order as getting a neurotic to stop worrying. Generally only a psychiatrist can get at the root of the problem. Selfish people also

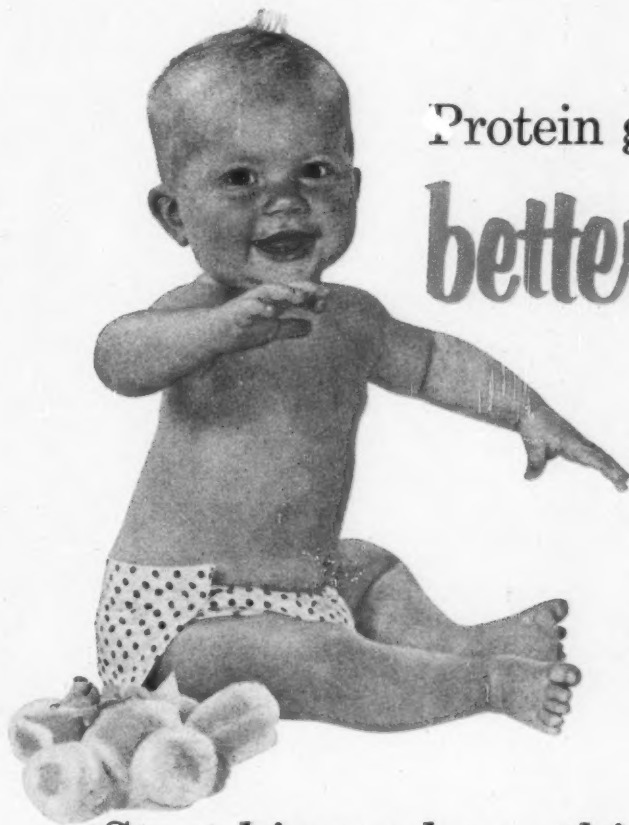
invent more fatigue in order to keep attention focused on their own frailties, to shift the household duties on their husbands and keep their children in line. The assumed weariness then becomes the only consistent form of discipline in the home: "Don't get dirty—mommy works so hard to keep you clean" and "Don't argue—mommy is so tired." Mommy needs some psychiatric help and so will her children if she keeps on feeding their guilt complexes.

I wish I had kept records of the

number of times I have found that the solution for fatigue is part-time work. Housewives who are lonely and frustrated by the repetitive tasks of cleaning a home; women in the grip of the menopause who are frightened and upset; women living with older people who rasp on their nerves—all can be helped by getting out into another world.

As you can see, some fatigue is caused by too much to do and some by too little; some is a byproduct of a glandular change and some is the result of

monotony or pure selfishness. Fatigue is such a common occurrence that it has been called the Great North American Disease. It follows every bitter emotion known to the human race—pain, loneliness, bitterness, boredom, fear, jealousy and indecision—and prolongs them all by making its victim too tired to cure herself. It is our greatest squirrel cage, and the greatest danger to her happiness a woman will ever meet. But it's part of our lives; let's treat fatigue with good sense—and beat it. ♦



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